Vol. CVI.—No. 1377] MAY 7, 1930 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

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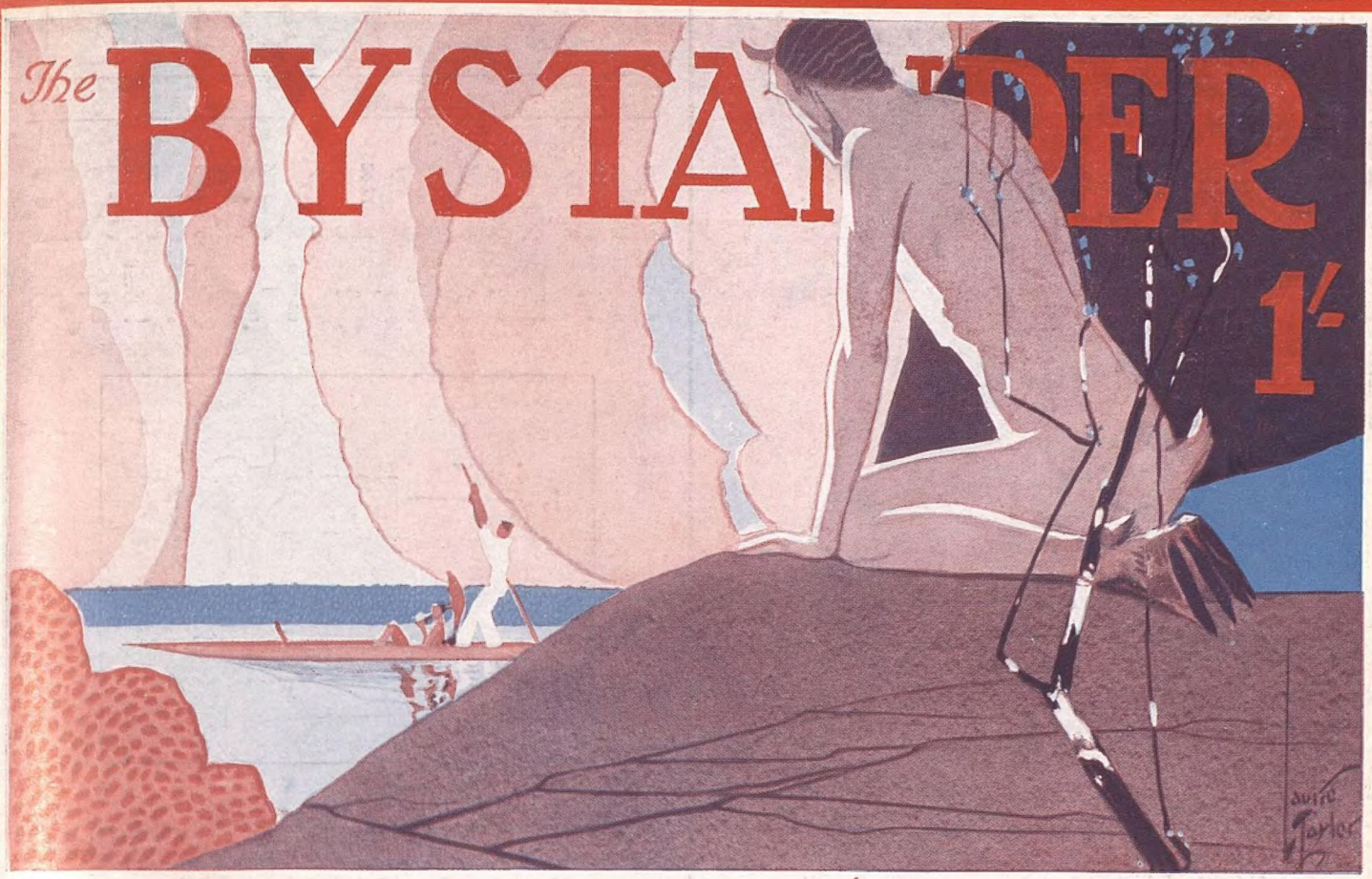

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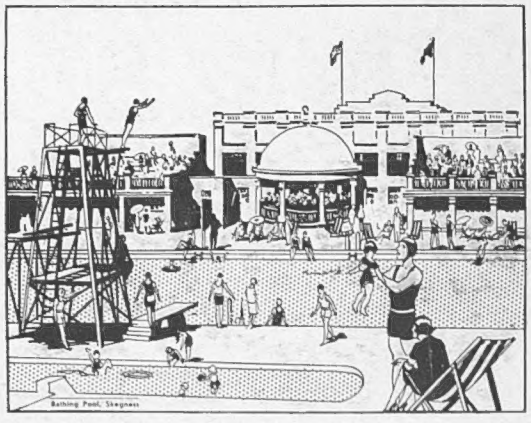

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LONDON AND NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY

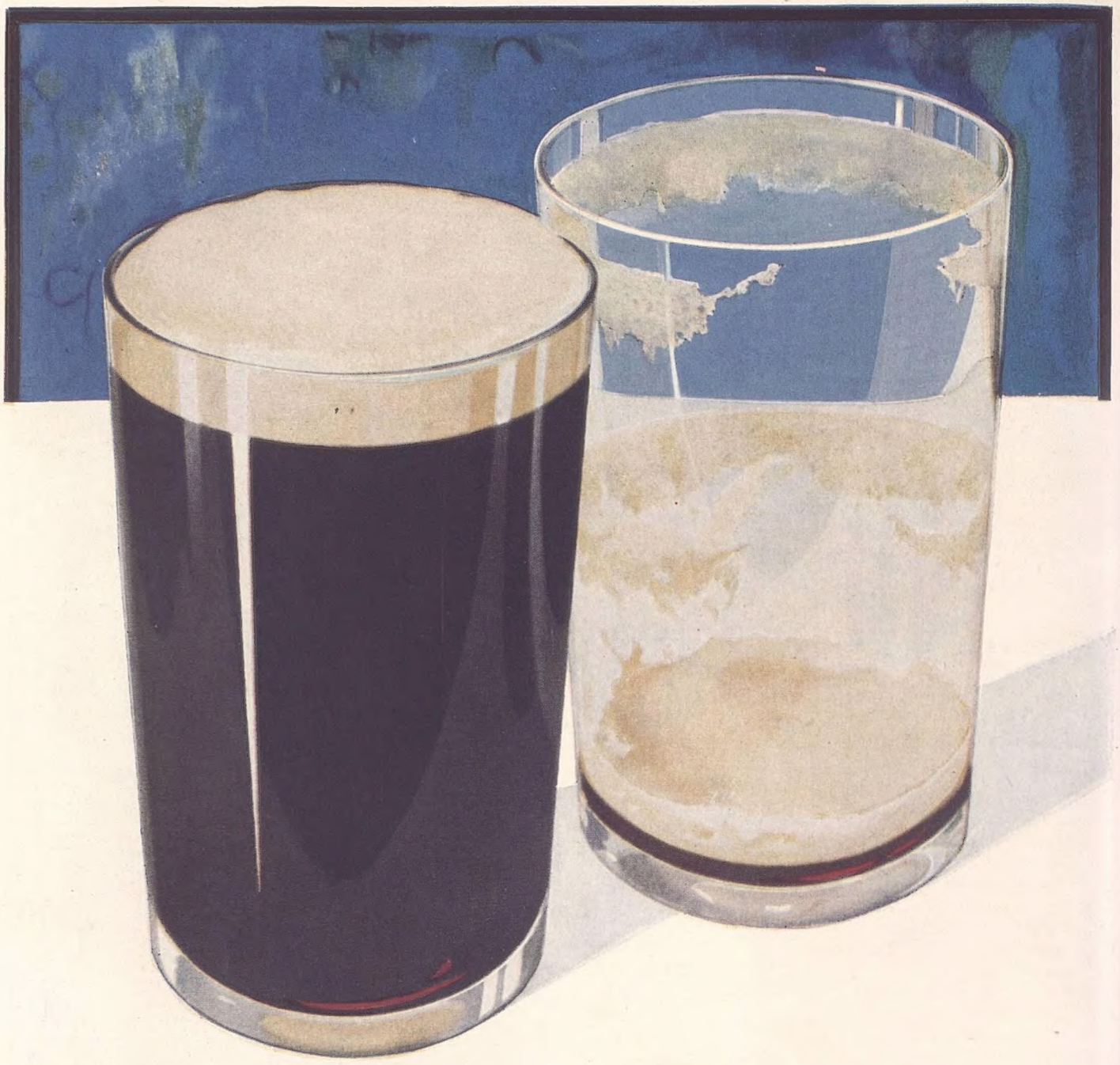
The Bystander, May 7, 1930

No. 1377. Vol. CVI

the BYSTANDER

BY BARRIBAL

THE BUTTERFLY



Who can resist a GUINNESS?

G.E. 87A

"GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU"

The Passing Hour

Fox Photos

The Hon. Anne Tyrrell, the daughter of Lord Tyrrell, our Ambassador in France, and of Lady Tyrrell, with her husband, Mr. Adrian Holman, who is Secretary at the Embassy in Paris, photographed at the reception which followed their wedding in the ancient cathedral of Notre-Dame. She was the first British bride to be married here since Mary Queen of Scots was wed to the Dauphin of France

Royal Academy Exhibition, 1930

IT is usually a question at the Academy Exhibition of "Who has been painted this year?" and not "What has been painted?" So let us plump for personalities, and straightaway come up against the portrait of a young woman in pink voile looking diaphanous, déshabillée, and disillusioned. You pause. Can it be? Why, yes, it is! Miss Tallulah Bankhead (No. 52), by Augustus John, R.A. Elsewhere in this exhibition the influence of the visit of the Italian pictures may be observed (the number of fish shells and other marine fauna suggest that Mr. Scott himself must have been on the Selection Committee!), and nowhere more strongly than in this portrait of the popular American actress. If Morris Gest or Max Reinhardt see it they will surely book her up for *The Miracle's* next Madonna. Miss Bankhead should be very pleased with it. Mr. John has painted her in the part that she no doubt yearns to play—spiritual, ethereal, a woman consumed by her soul. Personally, I have yet to see this successful actress—idol of both the gods and goddesses—show promise of this particular rôle, either on or off the stage, but it is great painting.

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Criticism on Canvas

TURNING from this contemplation of Mr. John's essay in theatrical criticism, one's eye is caught by the flash and splash of Sir William Orpen's painting of a somewhat different type, the Lady Principal of Alexander College, Dublin (No. 18). It is diverting to stay to ponder whether, had these artists exchanged their sitters, their brushes would not have been better served. Hard by the red and pink of academic robes is our old friend Sir William—no, I mean Lord Brentford (No. 22), presented by the police of England and Wales, and painted by Sir

L.N.A.

Miss Evelyn Laye snapped on her return to England after her New York success in "Bitter Sweet." Her charm and her friendly championing of things British constituted her an unofficial but most successful Ambassadress

AROUND THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Keystone

MAJOR E. D. METCALFE (left), MR. N. CRICHTON, MISS BRASSEY, MRS. KEITH MENZIES, LADY ALEXANDER METCALFE, HON. MRS. CRICHTON, and MISS CRICHTON

COLONEL HUNTLEY

The first International Trial Match held last week on the Beaufort Polo Club's ground at Nort added attraction to the event, which was attended by a large number of spectators. The prospects of th "Number One"—the pen-name which hides the identity of a recognised authority

Lenare

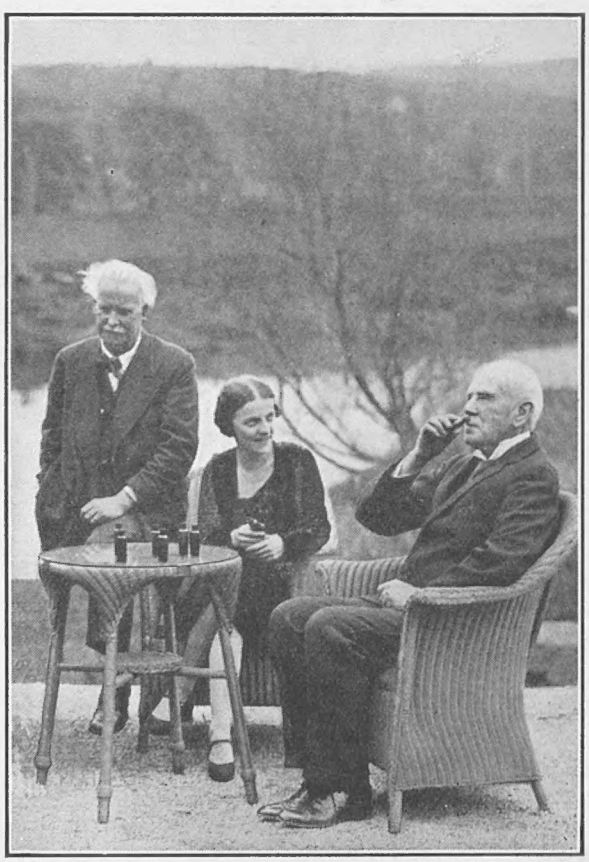
MISS ELIZABETH EBERSTEIN

The only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Eberstein, who are prominent members of the Swedish Colony in London and live at The Chase, Enfield. Her engagement to Mr. T. Anstey, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Anstey, of Matford House, Exeter, has been announced

Arthur Cope, R.A. As with nearly every portrait in this year's—and every year's—Academy, it is painted as the sitters doubtless hope others see them; eminently satisfactory to all concerned, but not eminent art.

One of Munnings's Best

LET us skip Gallery II and arrive in the large centre room, before the equestrian portrait (No. 132) of Princess Mary Countess of Harewood and her husband, mounted and awaiting the Bramham Moor hounds to go into covert. Here is Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., at his best, the tang of a November morn is in the air, the horses gleam in the winter sunshine, the likenesses are admirable. It is a most excellent picture, and so are his paintings of the presentation of Standards to the Household Cavalry by the King, vivid memoranda of a military scene. Next upon the personality list is Lord Melchett, a competent, agreeable portrait (No. 151) by Sir John Lavery, and not the first he has painted of this great and selfless leader of industry. Sir John Lavery dead-heats with Orpen and John, each having six pictures exhibited, and he has painted what I may perhaps flippantly call, if not the problem picture, the problem picture of the year, The Chess Players (No. 196). This is of two girls before a chessboard, and it is a nice question as to which player is the next move and whether she can avoid mate or her opponent force it. Chess players, if no one else, should rejoice in this picture.



L.N.A.

A group including Sir Arbuthnot Lane and Dr. Hector Munro on the terrace of the Belle Vue Spa, Trefriw, sampling the iron water recently discovered in a Roman well in the neighbourhood

"A Thick Ear" Picture

SIR GERALD DU MAURIER, by Augustus John (No. 222), is the first canvas to catch your eye in Gallery IV. Again, as with Miss Bankhead, the face is curiously elongated, suggesting that Mr. John must have been having a look at some works of Modigliani. In grey overcoat, with Sir

PERSONALITIES ROUND THE POLO FIELD

Sport and General

MRS. KEITH MENZIES, and GREEN

Sport and General

MISS V. FULLER (left), MISS FULLER and MR. ASHTON

Sport and General

More spectators at the recent International Polo Trial. They are Colonel Evelyn and Lady Helena Gibbs, Lady Kathleen Lindsay, and Mrs. Longworth

Chippenham. The fine weather proved an season are discussed in a special article by starts on page 305 of this issue

Gerald's favourite blue shirt—colour, not raiment!—it makes him look very Bulldog Drummondish, plus a dash of Phil Scott, and, to adopt the distinguished actor's own pithy phraseology, somewhat of "a thick ear picture." Adjacent is a flashy Harrington Mann (224) of two children in a style after Gainsborough, but a considerable way after. No. 240, Earl Spencer, Viscount Althorp, K.G., K.C.V.O., by Augustus John, is the most startling picture in the exhibition, and it is doubtful if Lord Spencer will find much satisfaction in that, although I hear he is delighted with it, and had it painted as a surprise birthday present for Lady Spencer.

A Brilliant Painting

AT first sight his bright uniform of the Life Guards with plumed hat in hand suggests a caricature of a certain Brigade of Guards type rather than a portrait of the noble earl himself. A little farther along is Dr. Cobbledick (No. 256), by Walter Sickert, A.R.A. Knowing the eminent eye-specialist, it is a clever likeness, and typically Sickertian. On the other side is Mrs. Leslie Hamilton (No. 262), whose husband, it will be remembered, met a tragic death in attempting to fly the Atlantic with Princess Loewenstein-Wertheim. Conventional in treatment and conception, it is by Mr. Gerald Kelly, who seems sadly to have missed his form this year.

Sport and General

The Duke and Duchess of Westminster go racing. They are seen in the paddock during the Bangor-on-Dee Steeplechases, near Wrexham

The Picture of the Queen

CONTRARY to custom, the one portrait of Her Majesty is not this year in the main room, but in Gallery V. It is by David Jagger, brother of the sculptor of the Artillery Memorial at Hyde Park Corner. Not a very large picture, in the centre of the wall, it shows Her Majesty seated, dressed in a silver frock beneath a vivid blue velvet cloak with rich sable collar. Around her neck is a large pearl necklace, drawn fashionably tight against the throat, and her silver hair and fresh complexion take sharp contrast from the darkened background. In his eagerness to make a striking and forcible picture the artist seems to have been resolutely determined to paint the Queen in the manner best adapted to his painting rather than that which would have more truly represented the character of his subject. It is, in short, idealistic rather than realistic.

The Art Editor welcomes the receipt of photographs of events and personalities in the Social, Bohemian, Artistic or Sporting worlds. Such photographs as are used will be paid for. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for their return. Address The Art Editor, "The Bystander," Inveresk House, W.C.2.

Bishops in Peril

BEFORE passing on to Lady Airlie, Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Mary, I would ask everyone going to the Academy just to have a look at the right wall of Gallery VII, and perhaps they will understand why many of our best artists no longer exhibit at Burlington House. It is steeped in the spirit of moribund conservatism, and so redolent of the second-rate work that secures acceptance in certain quarters. Episcopal interest — never lacking from the Academy, either on the floors or on the walls—will be found in Nos. 417 and 419, the Archbishop of York being in somewhat perilous proximity to purple passion on a

WEDDING BELLES OF THE SEASON

L.N.A.

Mr. John Thompson Fitzadam-Ormiston and his bride, Miss Joyce Gold, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Gold, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their marriage

Lady Millicent Taylour, only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort, and Mr. Henry F. Tiarks leaving Westminster Cathedral after their wedding. Great interest was taken by the public in this important event, and large numbers of gate-crashers forced their way into the Cathedral, while members of the "weaker sex" broke through the police cordon and knocked off each other's hats

I.B.

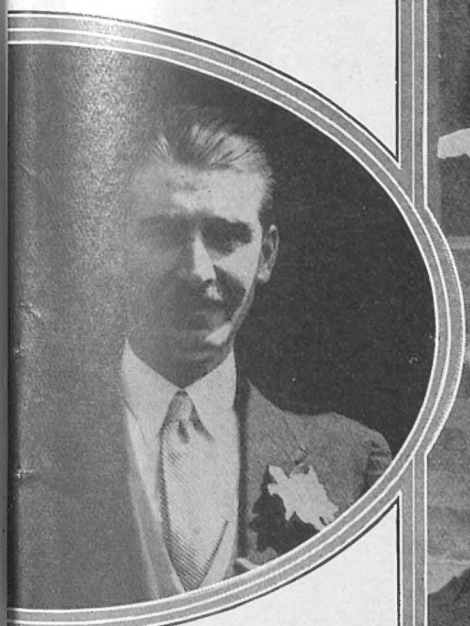
Mr. Christopher Pleydell-Bouver... Hon. Stuart and Mrs. Pleyd... Gelshenen, sister of Mr. ... North Audley Street, after th... spent in ...

L.N.A.

Miss Celia Glynn-Ouseley, better known as Celia Glynn, the actress, and Mr. Trevor Frederick Acton Neilson, after their wedding at St Michael's, Chester Square. Mr. Neilson is the son of Dr. Henry J. Neilson and of Mrs. Neilson of Inchcape, Woking. The guests included a number of well-known theatrical people. Miss Betty Chester was the only bridesmaid

Special Press

Mr. Ian Bulloch and the Hon. Helen Astley photographed after their wedding at St. Peter's Church, Eaton Square. The Bishop of Norwich was to officiate, but owing to indisposition was unable to attend. The bride is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Hastings



Keystone

eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel the Bouverie, and Miss Kathleen Gelshenen, leaving St. Mark's, wedding. The honeymoon is being South of Spain

Central Press

Mr. Evan Llewellyn Gibbs and his bride, Miss Monica Elizabeth Wyldbore Smith, leaving the Guards' Chapel at the Wellington Barracks after their marriage. Mr. Gibbs is the elder son of Major and Mrs. A. Hubert Gibbs, while the bride is the younger daughter of Sir Edmund and Lady Wyldbore Smith, of Cadogan Place

THE LORD PRIVY SEAL AND STAG-HUNTING

gilded couch. Lady Mary Lygon, at Madresfield, has been indifferently painted with no attempt at characterisation by W. B. E. Ranken, after whom comes Lady Airlie. Seated, as is the Queen, wearing string upon string of pearls, in a dark frock, with a suspicious suggestion of sequins, it is a sincere and conscientious piece of work by Mr. Oswald Birley (No. 435), though it lacks that innate spruceness and vitality with which one always associates Lady Airlie as she drives in her carriage and pair, one of the last in London.

Poor Sculpture

THERE are some beautiful still-life pictures by Mr. George Belcher, Laura Knight's ballet ladies, for those who like Mrs. Knight's ballet ladies. Ernest and Dod Proctor paint in their customary dull and fleshly manner, one, Aphrodite (No. 625), is painted with that unpleasant physiological detail that really is better left to the illustrations of medical text books, but is no doubt intended as intensive realism. The sculpture is, on the whole, lamentable, save for a head in relief by Robert J. Emerson (1648) that serves as an admirable introduction to sound modern work, and a bust of Mr. Justice Avory (No. 1609) by Maggie R. Mitchell, as well as two interesting heads, one of the late Lord Northcliffe, and one of Lord Oxford and Asquith. To sum up, the Academy this year with its 1,669 exhibits shows little promise, imagination or advance on the Academies of the last forty years —and less than some of these.

L.N.A.

Pretty bridesmaids leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster. They attended Miss Joyce Gold, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Gold, on her recent marriage to Mr. John Thompson Fitzadam-Ormiston

Lenare

MISS JOAN MADDEN

The second daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden and Lady Madden, who is making her debut this season. Her mother is giving a dance for her next Tuesday, May 13

His First Objection

FOR the first time in his long acquaintance with the Turf, Lord Rosebery, who is one of the best known of our racing Peers, made an objection the other day at Alexandra Park, when his horse Cluny was beaten a neck by Mr. Douglas-Pennant's County Wicklow after a most exciting race. According to Lord Rosebery, Cluny was also beaten by County Wicklow's jockey right in front of the grandstand. However, the objection was over-ruled, and that was that.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Thomas and Miss Thomas at a recent meet of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds. The Lord Privy Seal's patronage of this severely criticised form of hunting is hardly likely to endear him to the large number of his supporters who condemn stag-hunting as cruel

MORE HORSES FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

At Ally Pally

ALEXANDRA PARK, known as "the poor man's Goodwood," was crowded that day, and there was an unusually large number of children. Among the grown-ups were Lord Harewood, who becomes daily more interested in racing; Lady Adare, who could not be more interested even if he tried; Miss Isabel Jeans, who wore a long brown coat and a brown felt hat with a very wide turned-up brim like a pirate's; and Lady Chesham, who was in a black coat and skirt and a black and white straw hat.

L.N.A.

Miss V. H. Lermitte, the well-known lawn tennis player, and the other "Chassis Girls" who gave an amateur cabaret turn at the Women's Automobile and Sportswomen's Association Ball, held at the May Fair Hotel last week. Miss Lermitte, who leads the troupe, is seen fifth from the left in the above photograph, which was taken during a rehearsal

Bad Manners

THERE have been two noticeable examples of bad manners in the last few days. The first was at Westminster Cathedral, when dozens of women forced their way in by a side entrance, and then pulled chairs around in order to get a better view of Lady Millicent Taylour's wedding to Mr. Henry Tiarks. The other was at the Looking-glass Ball organised by Lady Aberdare, when there was a continuous ripple of conversation throughout Miss Marie Dainton's cabaret act. If I had been Miss Dainton I would not have gone on with the entertainment. It is noticeable on these occasions that the people who make the most noise are those who clap most loudly afterwards.

A New British Spa

THE discovery of iron water of a rare quality in an old Roman well resulted in the opening on Saturday, April 26, by Sir Arbuthnot Lane, of the Pump Room of the Belle Vue Spa, at Trefriw, near Llandudno, North Wales. Mr. Carel Hoefftcke, of Harley Street—the discoverer of the water and the founder of the spa—specialises in the treatment of rheumatoid arthritis. The Countess of Oxford is keenly interested in this spa, owing to the fact that Mr. Hoefftcke effected an almost miraculous cure of her sister, Mrs. Graham Smith, an arthritis sufferer. The well—which has been closed for one hundred and fifty years, and which more resembles a cave than a well—is approached by a narrow passage with steep rocks on either side; the water drips incessantly into glass funnels, along tubes, and into tanks; in this way the water is obtained unfiltered. One need not necessarily go abroad when one can obtain natural iron water at this spa, which is likely to become well known as a health resort.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

MIDLOTHIAN was made a sound favourite for the City and Suburban, being backed all over the course from sevens to less than half the rate. His final effort was not so bold as the others. Follow him up. He impressed me as a future money spinner.

SKIFF will be better for her gallop at Epsom, where she put up a game fight against To You. The latter was quicker away from the "gate." Commencing with 2,400 to 300 and 1,000 to 120, one professional backer was very confident. Losses should be recovered.

CLUNY should be followed over six or seven furlongs. Money returned to the ring from the S.P. offices. Was only a neck behind the winner. Started second favourite. I shall support with confidence over the shorter distance.

ROYAL BLUSH carried £1,000 from one quarter at Epsom, but following a bad break Wootton's charge never looked like obliging. Is in fine condition, and should soon earn winning brackets.

MISS JESSICA had previously shown promising form, and this encouraged the professionals to gamble. They were unlucky to lose their money. Keep an eye on Day's charge.

FANATIST was heavily supported to win the Esher Cup, but he found the distance too far. My view is that sprinting will be his strong suit, and over the shorter distance he should not be missed.

Yevonde

Miss Diana Hamilton, who with her brother, Bruce, has written a war play, "The Home Front," which is to be produced by Sir Barry Jackson in Birmingham on May 17

Central Press

A corner of the Royal Academy a few days before it opened, showing artists putting the final touches to their works on the walls. The portrait being varnished is that of Sir Alexander Park Lyle, Bart., by Maurice Greiffenhagen; while to the left of it is Sir David Murray's picture, "Clear Shining After Rain: Loch Awe"

Our Fatal Viceroy

By "Kim"

WHATEVER fate may now lie in store for Gandhi, the cowardice of British rule as revealed by the attitude of Lord Irwin, the Viceroy, shows once again, I fear, that the type of politicians thrown up by democratic institutions is rotten to the core. Lord Irwin was an agreeable officer during his Army career, an amiable Member of Parliament, with distinct Socialistic leanings, which in a man of his wealth and position means a vein of soft sentiment.

BY his lack of firmness, what was started by Gandhi as a ridiculous piece of flamboyant bluff has been fanned into a dangerous flame. Hindoos are easily aroused; but when they know they face their masters as easily controlled. They are a cruel people at heart. An Indian Mutiny is just as easily provokable by cowardice in 1930 as in 1857, and if Lord Irwin does not know that, he has no right to be allowed for another day the responsibility of protecting British as well as native lives.

THE Viceroy is directly responsible for all the outrages now occurring hourly in all parts of India, from the Afghanistan frontier to Madras. When we read of the murderous outrages that have taken place, anyone who knows India, and who can visualise the needs of strong Government in our great Eastern dependency, feels almost despairing of the Empire's future. Let me recall a few among very many. A seventeen-year-old English girl, Miss Annie Dench, pulled off her cycle by howling Sikhs in a Calcutta street, beaten into unconsciousness, and only saved from rape and murder by a heroic young police sergeant.

A BRITISH soldier at Peshawar—pulled off a motor cycle and murdered with an axe. In Madras, a European lady stoned by a mob. At Peshawar, Private Bryant stoned to death, his body soaked in oil, and burnt by a shrieking crowd. European women and children are forced to evacuate the same city. The Garhwal Rifles refuse to obey orders. In Chittagong, Bengal, Englishmen murdered by a savage mob. Such are a few of the many tragic incidents.

THIS rebel hypocrite Gandhi has spoken with two voices. One day his revolt against British rule is purely pacific. No bloodshed! The next day he covers his eyes with his hands and encourages his deluded followers to bloodshed and murder! Yet to every observer the true intention behind all this is to terrorise and assassinate every European where possible. Women and girls are not excepted. Children will be gladly massacred if a chance is given. All the lives that have been thus wantonly thrown away are due to Lord Irwin's fatal cowardice, and through him to the British Cabinet.

THE dead mutely reproach this amiable but inept Viceroy, for they have been sacrificed solely on the altar of his fear to do the job for which he is so handsomely paid, namely, to rule India. If he had arrested Gandhi at the very first step of open sedition he took, and warned his followers, none of this would have happened. And what is Mr. Baldwin doing about it all?

International News

Rear-Admiral William A. Moffett (left), Rear-Admiral J. R. Pringle, and Rear-Admiral H. E. Yarnell, seen on the S.S. George Washington on their return from London, where they acted in an advisory capacity to members of the United States Delegation to the Naval Conference

Fox Photos

Mr. Michael Cardew, B.A., who gained his degree at Oxford, now lives in a one-room hut and works all day as a village potter at Winchcombe, in the heart of the Cotswolds. Much of his ware finds its way to America

OUR PUBLIC MEN

Exclusively photographed for THE BYSTANDER *by Howard Coster*

BRIG.-GENERAL SIR HENRY PAGE CROFT, BART., C.M.G., M.P.

The Chairman of the Empire Industries Association, for long a champion of Empire Free Trade, and Chancellor of the Primrose League. When Lord Beaverbrook visited his constituency, Bournemouth, last week to address an audience on Empire Free Trade he was among the speakers who supported the cause. Sir Henry is a keen sportsman, and one of the handsomest men in public life

AT THE PLAY

A VERY MODERN MISS IN

"DEBONAIR," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

Charles Elvaston (Frank Vosper) makes hectic love to Loveday Trevelyan (Celia Johnson). His mother, Petal (Kate Cutler), a somewhat faded petal, is supported by Tom Reed (Ernest Mainwaring), who proves himself no broken reed

"Debonair," at the Lyric Theatre

ENCOURAGED, doubtless, by the success which attended the dramatisation of G. B. Stern's novel, "Tents of Israel," into a play called *The Matriach*, this author has now dramatised her novel "Debonair," which has been produced at the Lyric Theatre.

THE story deals with Loveday Trevelyan, a modern, wayward daughter, who, unknown to her mother, who is living in Italy, kicks over the traces with no uncertain kick. This young product of the age never appears to know what she wants except in one particular, and that is to marry Charles Elvaston, a very wealthy young barrister, but the manner in which she baits her hook would assuredly make any fish shy.

UP to her eyes in debt, she is hurled out of her lodgings, and therefore it should have been a godsend to her when she received an invitation from Charles Elvaston's mother to stay. She does not like Charles's mother—which is not surprising—but she accepts only to cut her visit short by running away.

SHE goes off with a dago, who wishes her to be his dancing partner on a Continental tour, and the longer the tour lasts the more apparent it is that dancing alone is not her partner's sole aim. Again she runs away, having borrowed her fare from an attractive Viennese prostitute.

BACK she goes to Charles Elvaston's rooms in Gray's Inn, where he suggests that she shall stop "for keeps," so to speak. This being far from her wish—for the girl is really as moral as a muffin—she is off again and turns up at a female friend's villa in Italy, from which also she runs away on the appearance of Charles Elvaston's mamma! And she is indiscreet enough to choose as companion that lady's newly married elderly husband, because the flighty heroine has destroyed her passport and he has one for two, which will take him on a business visit and her on a visit to her lover once again back to London.

THAT she makes it up with the only man she ever loved before curtain-fall is, of course, inevitable, but, unless the leopard changes its spots, I feel convinced that after marriage she will never stop in one place, and that husband of hers will have to trapes all over the place after her, and then a day will come when he won't trouble to do so. Which would make another play.

CELIA JOHNSON, as the girl who constantly trips off but never trips, makes a great success in a long and difficult part, the difficulty being to give variety to a character who is perpetually doing the same thing. Audiences are always willing to welcome warmly a newcomer of talent, and that this young actress most assuredly possesses. The management were wise in giving her such a fine chance, and she seized it finely.

AMUSING character studies—contrasts in mammas — are provided by Mary Jerrold—motherly and mothering—and Kate Cutler—modern and made up. Dorice Fordred was a

Night Life in Vienna. A cosy chat in a none too lady of the town, and Loveday (Celia Johnson), who

MISCHIEF

By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "Debonair," at the Lyric Theatre, by H. H. HARRIS

most captivating lady of the town, and Frank Vosper an incisive hero; while the last act was enlivened by a very clever character sketch by May Hallatt which, with all due respect to the authors, struck me as being mainly made by the actress. Throughout the evening there was lots of laughter, for the play—though serious in parts—is written in the key of comedy.

"The Mulberry Bush," at the Criterion Theatre

YET once again our divorce laws have been used as a basis for a comedy, and the action was heard on Tuesday of last week at the Criterion Theatre before an extremely sympathetic jury, whose verdict was—despite the sympathy for an author with a good record—that he was guilty of writing a very bad play.

MR. EDWARD KNOBLOCK is the author, and he calls his comedy *The Mulberry Bush*, which, I need hardly remind you, folks go round and round. I have no quarrel with the title, for his characters indeed go round and round to such an extent that they make one feel giddy.

respec ab'e hotel between Pinkie (Dorice Fordred), a naughty inbibes wisdom from one who knows all about men

Judith Maitland (Diana Wilson), disliked by Mrs. Trevelyan (Mary Jerrold), but a great friend of Loveday Trevelyan (Celia Johnson)

ANN LANKASTER'S villa at Le Touquet is the scene of the imbroglio which arises from the fact that Sylvia Baynbridge—who is waiting for the decree of divorce to be made absolute which she has secured against her husband—is Ann's guest, and she has become engaged—sub-rosa, of course—to an elderly American who is also a guest at the Le Touquet villa. Thanks to an extremely useful gale, the faithless husband is wafted to this villa, and we then discover that one of Harry Baynbridge's earlier mistresses is none other than Ann Lankaster. The story is made more complicated by the appearance of Harry's latest flame, Natalie Dunesmore, who also stops in the house; and we start the dizzy whirl round the mulberry bush in Ann Lankaster's bedroom.

I DECLINE to tell further of a poor story unrelieved by wit or humour in the dialogue with characters singularly unconvincing. Under such adverse circumstances Frances Carson, Mercia Swinburne and Dorothy Tetley could hardly be expected to be at their best, while the philanderer of Evelyn Roberts recalled time and again the late Charles Hawtrey, except for the fact that he would have been too good a judge of a play ever to have been seen in it.

V. W.

SUMMER SPORTS ON THE SWARD

Photographs

An Australian young hope at cricket, D. J. Bradman, a brilliant bat, likely to keep the scorers busy

Sport and General

W. H. Ponsford practising at Lords. A bat who is as sound as a bell, with experience in playing for the "Ashes"

THE presence of the Australian cricketers over here naturally lends added interest to the game this season, and their first match, which was with Worcestershire, seemed to suggest that our Test batsmen will not have to face anything very formidable in the way of bowling, although the Australian batting is very sound, even if too much on "safety first" lines. Now that the grass court season has started, the in-and-out form shown by some of our leading players should adjust itself, and we shall soon see who are best able to adapt themselves to the slower surface.

Stuart

F. J. Perry, chosen by the L.T.A. to play in the Davis Cup Trials. At Bournemouth he ran H. W. Austin to five sets

P. M. Hornibrook, the only left-handed bowler in the team, who should cause our batsman anxiety on a sticky wicket

Stuart

Hard Court County Champions. The Middlesex Team, winners, who beat Yorkshire in the final at Felixstowe by 11 matches to 1. Standing (L to R): Mrs. List, Mrs. Bruce-May, Miss Montgomery, and Miss Lyle. Sitting (L to R): Mrs. Beamish, Mrs. Broadbridge (non-playing captain), and Miss Hardie

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS IN ACTION

IN SEARCH OF THOSE MYTHICAL "ASHES"

The Australian cricket team, now visiting these shores, which combines youth and experience. Back Row (L. to R.): S. McCabe, A. Hurwood, T. Wall, P. M. Hornibrook, E. A'Beckett, C. V. Grimmett, and W. A. Oldfield. Front Row (L. to R.): D. J. Bradman, W. H. Ponsford, V. Y. Richardson, W. M. Woodfull (captain), C. W. Walker, A. Jackson, and A. Fairfax

Photographs

T. Wall, new to English cricket, a bowler of whom much is expected. Very accurate, he is unlikely to present runs to the batsmen

W. M. Woodfull (captain), a batsman who, among all the Australians, is the most difficult man to dislodge. Also something of a speaker

Sport and General

C. V. Grimmett, a bowler known and respected by our batsmen, who will form the backbone of the attack

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All you need to do is to use your knowledge of the celebrities depicted on this page and then write down their names, as you believe them to be, on the coupon which, together with the rules, will be found on cover iii. There is no entrance fee and the rules are of the simplest.

Another List of "Celebrities Disguised" Next Week.

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No. 38. A SPORTING AND POLITICAL PEER

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THIS IS OUR SIXTH LIST — KEEP IT UNTIL THE CLOSING DATE IS ANNOUNCED.

IF GOSSIP WE MUST

LONDON is surely the best behaved city in the world. The Cuptie (nobody in any part of England, by the way, ever talks about "t'coop") is now only a memory. But it is a very pleasant memory. Through the streets on the morning of that famous Saturday wandered the hearty men from the North in their tens of thousands. They had spent a night in the train most of them. They had nothing on earth to do except "wait for them to open." When the match was over they swarmed to the public-houses, and I saw an unprecedented sight — a commissionaire standing outside a bar waving the crowds away with the words "Full up here! No room inside!"

Rita Page as Dolly in full song in "Rio Rita," the musical play at the new Prince Edward Theatre. The hard-working chorus are seen enjoying a very temporary respite from their dancing, which is one of the features of the show

AND yet was London an impossible place on account of all this? Not a bit of it. You can't have these myriads of holiday-makers let loose in a place without a certain amount of noise and "mellowness." But of sheer-drunkenness there were few signs, and of scrapping, crime, and other unpleasantness none at all. A very decent lot on the whole, these football maniacs—jolly, laughing, and most commendably British.

There is more harm in a score of the swarthy, black-haired, over-dressed youths who loaf about the corners of Leicester Square and are to be seen in mysterious confabulation in all-night restaurants in the small hours than in all the 93,000 odd people (some of them very odd) who cheered the King and booed the Zeppelin at Wembley.

PATIENT (*describing recent visit to her dentist*): "And when I came round, his biceps were still in my mouth!"

Booing a Zeppelin, by the way, is about as much use as firing a pea-shooter at the engines of the express trains that took these "good lads an' all" back north for their Sabbath sleep.

THE King—how fine it is to see His Majesty going about again everywhere! — having seen a football

Stage Photo Co.

Geoffrey Gwyther and Edith Day, as the hero and heroine of "Rio Rita," tell their love to each other—and the audience. A revised edition of this musical play was presented last week

ROYAL SUPPORT FOR SERIOUS DRAMA

match is now going to see *Hamlet*. Through his mother he is, of course, himself a Royal Dane. There was once a King of England who, when it was suggested to him that he should see this play, said, "What, Shakespeare? I'd sooner abdicate."

King George has never pretended to be a Shakespearian enthusiast, but he has an unfailing habit of doing the right thing. This visit is not only a tribute to all that is serious and right in the British stage (which is not yet completely Americanised), but is a graceful recognition of the work of Henry Ainley. Both the King and the player have been through the Valley of the Shadow within the last couple of years.

IT is not my province to discourse on Ainley's Hamlet. I thought it a splendid achievement; and I have seen at least twenty Hamlets, including a Portuguese one. What was a pleasant thing to notice was the way the acting profession supported it, off as well as on the stage.

The stalls at the Haymarket for those two matinees were full of theatrical celebrities. George Graves, who couldn't get a seat anywhere for money (and didn't want one for love), stood at the back of the pit. Sir Nigel Playfair was in the dress circle. I wonder how many people know that when G. G. was the principal comedian in *Veronique* Sir Nigel was his understudy.

L. N. A.

POPULAR STARS AT A WEDDING

Mr. Jack Hulbert and his wife, better known as Cicely Courtneidge. They are seen leaving S. Michael's, Chester Square, after the wedding of Miss Celia Glynn-Ouseley, the actress, and Mr. D. F. Acton Nelson

Sasha

Fowler and Tamara as they appear in "Charles B. Cochran's 1930 Revue." This production has now quite settled down and is attracting crowded houses to the London Pavilion

THERE are two fallacies which die precious hard. I doubt, indeed, whether they will ever die. They are mutually contradictory, too, though this does not prevent the same people from quoting both of them. They do this almost invariably. One is that Covent Garden opera is a hopelessly demodé proceeding, that the days of its glory are past, and that nobody but hopeless frumps, irreclaimable lunatics, or music-lovers (perhaps much the same, these last two) would ever think of supporting it. Another is that it is patronised, except for some virtuous souls in the gallery, entirely by wealthy snobs who go there simply to gaze through opera glasses during the performance at each other's diamonds. This last being, of course, quite a simple matter for anyone to carry out when for seven-eighths of the evening the lights are lowered and the auditorium is plunged into gloom.

THE truth is that Covent Garden is just as socially important as ever it was, and far more musical. If the names on the little tickets on the box-doors smack slightly more of finance than they did, and slightly less of Norman blood, that is simply because Norman blood, or what passes for it, has been taxed out of existence and has to be content with a stall, or even a balcony stall, instead of a loge on the grand tier. On the opening night, in spite of a German, and therefore fairly severe, bill of fare, the standard of social brilliance was at least up to a Cochran

BY W. MURRAY

JOYCE (*having been told off*): "Mummy, dear, you are so delightfully Victorian"

WHERE DO DUDS GO IN THE OPERA-TIME?

AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS TRY TENNIS

Sport and General

R. G. W. Walker (left), W. E. Kahane, P. A. Kahane, Miss Francis Day (the well-known actress, who has been appearing at the Hôtel Splendide) and G. McCabe walking to the courts, when they recently visited the Ifield Golf and Tennis Club, Sussex, as the guests of Sir John Drughorn

revue première, with the more prominent undesirables absent. As for the notion that no one who has enough money to dress well and wear jewellery can appreciate opera, or be fond of music at all—that is simply stuff and nonsense.

By Platford

"You modern girls are as hard as nails"

"Of course. That's the only way to enter a modern man's head"

Die Meistersinger suffered from a really execrable German tenor in the principal rôle. I have rarely heard a worse tenor. He wasn't even a fiver! I doubt whether we shall ever hear him again, though. They have a habit at the Opera of sending foreign singers back to their native country in double-quick time when they are not pleasing. Or do they send them back? There is a mysterious yard between the Opera House and the old Tavistock Hotel. Can it be that they are lined up here and shot? A colonel is in command at Covent Garden nowadays, and though I have found Colonel Blois the most charming of men, he was a first-rate soldier, and is still a bit of a martinet.

TO-MORROW (Thursday), in aid of the Middlesex Hospital, a dinner will be given at the Hôtel Metropole, to be followed by a cabaret entertainment, and the price of the tickets is 30*s.* each. I strongly urge my readers not to miss this opportunity, for not only will support be accorded to a most deserving Charity, but those present will see the very best cabaret performance which it has ever been my lot to attend. I went to what may be described

THE BARD AND THE "BOARDS"

No. 1—THE DRAMATIST

THE Dramatist unknown to Fame
Must wage an uphill fight,
His magnum opus keeps him up
All day and half the night,
And even then it's seldom that
It ever sees the light.

With many others in some drawer
For months on end it lies
Unseen, unhonoured and unread
By managerial eyes—
A fact which fills the tyro with
A wealth of pained surprise.

But if by chance some syndicate
Decides to back his play,
He may gain Fame and Fortune too—
You note I say "he may,"
For fortunes in the theatre world
Are not made every day.

Rehearsals see him sitting glum
And listening with woe
Whilst some producer sternly says
His favourite lines must go—
"Don't worry; just leave that to me.
My dear old boy, I know!"

The first night over, anxiously
The newspapers he seeks
For notices he hopes will wake
The blush upon his cheeks,
Then at the theatre finds one more—
That *notice is a week's!* *B. W.*

A CABARET KING

Ted Lewis, the leader of the famous dance band which is now back in this country and opened a season at the Kit-Cat Restaurant last Monday. He obviously believes in sartorial as well as musical perfection

AN AMATEUR SHOW PAR EXCELLENCE

Sasha

SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US

Miss Maisie Gay causes a disturbance among the audience (on the stage) by arriving late during the Late-comer Scene from "C. B. Cochran's 1930 Revue," now running at the London Pavilion. This is one of the most amusing, if not one of the most original, items on the programme

as a répétition générale of this cabaret last Sunday week with fear and trembling, because "The No Trumpers," as the company call themselves, are entirely composed of amateurs.

S

BUT there is nothing amateurish about these amateurs, whose entertainment is entirely evolved by themselves. They, and they alone, are responsible for production, words, lyrics, and music, as well as for the playing of all the parts, not to mention scene shifting, and in the seventeen turns included there is not one weak item. Here is cabaret at its very best, full of wit, humour and ideas, and acted and sung by a company which has nothing whatever to learn from the most accomplished of professionals. I understand that over £2,500 has been given to Charity in five years by these performances. Were this show given professionally in a West End theatre it would draw that sum in a week. These "No Trumpers" are making a grand slam every time they play.

S

IF all amateur shows came anywhere near this high standard of excellence those of us who are forced to be present when some of the rawest of amateur productions are put on would be spared much anguish of soul. Audiences at amateur theatricals are usually a long-suffering and patient race who endure the misguided Thespian efforts of friends and relations with commendable fortitude, but on occasions the worm has been known to turn. During a long and dreary drama the heroine cried in ringing tones, "What can I do to save myself from the awful fate that threatens me?" Like a shot came the answer from the back of the hall, "Ring down the safety curtain dam' quick!"

De Barron Studios

MISS MARJORIE RAYMONDE

One of the bridesmaids in the American company of Noel Coward's operetta "Bitter Sweet" which has recently concluded a most successful run in New York. She is a cousin of Miss Daisy McGeoch, who is the well-known song writer

SPRING CLEANING

BY JORGEN MYLLER

SUCCESSFUL DRESS ACCESSORIES

By BLANCHE B. ELLIOTT

An evening frock from the Hon. Anne Tyrrell's trousseau in vivid red chiffon with detachable shoulder cape. Model Molyneux
Specially sketched for THE BYSTANDER *in Paris*

A daringly draped model in ivory white satin for evening wear. Leaving one shoulder and arm entirely bare, the one-sided drapery is brought over the opposite shoulder and caught at the waist with a jewelled clasp before it falls into a pointed train. With it is worn a satin coat with a collar of brown fur. Model Callot Sœur

As important as a good manner in adding charm to personality, so is the correct accessory the finishing touch to good dressing. Yet the accessory is so often regarded as an afterthought, in spite of the prominence it always receives at the hands of the big Paris couturiers. It is always the telling addition of the gloves, scarf, bag, fan, shoes, and such like, that decides whether a woman really has taste or not; it also requires a great deal of time and patience expended on its choice. To select it haphazard is to court failure.

S

One needs to be educated on the subject of clothes to be really *able* to appreciate them or their extraordinary significance. It was Arnold Bennett—wasn't it?—who suggested that a Chair should be endowed for Good Dressing at Women's Universities, as well as for such things as higher mathematics and so forth. The idea has always struck me as being very worthy of support, but one can imagine the wave of horror that would pass over the blue-stocking highbrows at such a frivolous intrusion into their studies. Yet, judging by the dress failures one sees round one, it does seem a pity that the really clever woman should invariably be so utterly dowdy. She, of course, treats the whole matter of clothes and fashion with contempt—just that kind of contempt that goes hand in hand with complete ignorance.

It is so often the men who make a really useful suggestion like that about feminine subjects. Talking of men, by the way, *and* clothes, it seems so strange not to have recorded anywhere (that I have seen, that is) the great, silent, bloodless revolution that has taken place under our very noses in that most conservative of things—men's evening hats! Everyone has

been so busy exclaiming at our long skirts that *no* one has noticed the extinction of the top hat for evening. Even that entertaining thing with the gadget that sprung upward or collapsed quite flat—the opera hat—has gone. In its place has crept, almost *sneaked*, in a soft, black thing that combines a Quartier Latin, Bolshevik, organ-grindery effect, and one sees it sitting on the most august and circumspect heads of the *best* people. How *did* it happen? Here we are in a commanding position, with Savile Row, the masculine equivalent to Rue de la Paix, at our very elbows—and we let a thing like that go by! The excuse is that it is comfortable and folds up without crushing. But it is my private opinion that its rakish, cosmopolitan air gives the man-about-town the kind of "interesting" look that his conventional soul craves for. I feel, too, it is only a first step. He will be wearing soft, frilly shirt fronts next, and—who knows?—a wash! Apparently we mere women are not to have all the limelight!

But, to go back to the accessories, these really are important this Spring. The adorable little tweed bérets with their degagé air really need to be morally supported with a tweed bag to match, also a scarf, if you like. Agnés, the great creator of the draped cap, likes the scarf to match, too, but is so averse to the hat matching the frock that I have to mention it again, though I have seen a great many wearing this ensemble. The gloves and hand-bag to match are very smart and should be the same colour as the hat when they *are* in colour, but just plain black can be most tremendously smart. The long pull-on gloves (just below elbow length) in dull black suède, with black suède bag and dull felt hat, can add a great deal of chic to a frock or suit of any colour. Shoes, too, come into the colour scheme, while stockings, it should be remembered, are growing slowly darker in tone.

The little wrap for Summer evening wear is delightfully presented by three big Paris houses, each exploiting the same idea in the same medium of perfection—white ermine—in three different ways. It is the short white coat that accompanies the black evening gown. Lelong makes it to tie in front and drape a little on the hips; Patou works the lovely little soft skins into a swathing cape of rather shawl-like shape, while Molyneux treats it frankly like a short, straight-cut bolero. As an evening wrap, white ermine takes first rank, as it is so becoming to women of all ages, so elegant and so light and supple, yet deliciously warm to wear. Those who find its cost puts it beyond the limits of their purse can very well substitute soft, and carefully picked, white rabbit, which is often cleverly worked to reproduce the more costly pelt.

What a wave of weddings this Spring has brought out! What pessimist ever said they were going out! Quite a stir was created in the Paris world by the wedding of the Hon. Anne Tyrrell, daughter of the British Ambassador, Lord Tyrrell. The greatest interest was shown in her trousseau, for which she patriotically went to the English designer, Captain Molyneux. Our artist has illustrated his evening frock which Miss Tyrrell chose in bright geranium-red chiffon. The long silhouette, tight-fitting almost to the knees, is softened by being pulled into draped bows at hip and thigh, and the skirt falls from box pleats into full, soft folds to touch the foot all round. With it is worn a charming yoked cape to tie in front and veil the low décolletage at the back. The exquisite wedding gown was in white georgette and silver brocade, which modelled the body closely to fall full and free at the feet, while a long train of the silver brocade fell from the shoulders. The long tulle veil was held round the head by a garland of orange blossoms.

A charming outfit composed of a threequarter coat and frock was in beige georgette spotted in black, while pale blue was her choice for another evening gown. The suit for the plage (without which no outfit is complete) was in pink tussore printed in small dots with pleated knickers underneath to match. There is an increasing tendency to wear the "shorts" of the same material as the Summer sports suit, and with the beach pyjama vogue we shall suddenly find ourselves arrayed in the most attractive of trouserettes. I return to the subject with insistence because it is being pressed so strongly in Paris by fashion leaders that one cannot ignore it. I therefore am merely endeavouring to prepare you for what seems to be the inevitable!

B. B. E.

Even the sports sweater wears the ubiquitous little cape, made in hand-knitted orange-coloured wool, with touches of white at waist, on tie and on the gay little matelot's cap. Model Jenny

THE UNDER-WARE CASE!

Pollard Crowther

Diana Wynyard as Ursula Barton in "Honours Easy," at the St. Martin's Theatre, which reaches its hundredth performance to-day (Wednesday). The married lady in question and in bed is disappointed to discover that her lover, when he arrives, has become engaged and that, metaphorically speaking, everything is off!

Stage Photo Co.

INNOCENCE ABROAD!

A scene from "Debonair," at the Lyric Theatre, in which the heroine (Celia Johnson), in her bedroom in Vienna, is disturbed by the unwelcome attentions of her dago dancing partner, who tries to force an entry

Sasha

If Rosalie (Renée Kelly) only looked the other way she would find a total stranger (Gerald Pring) in the next bed. Later on she does, and what follows can be seen at the Garrick Theatre, where "Almost a Honeymoon" is being played

LUXURY and the BOOTLEGGER

Three scenes from "On the Spot," the new Edgar Wallace play at Wyndham's, which centres round the affairs of one Tony Perelli, a bootleg king, who lives in a luxury flat, which includes one magnificent organ and more than one magnificent member of the opposite sex. In the upper circle, Perelli—cleverly played by Charles Laughton—is seen with Gladys Frazin as Maria Pouliski, and in the lower with Minn Lee (Gillian Lind). The big photograph shows the scene in Tony's flat when the bootleg king is confronted by Detective-Commissioner John Kelly (W. Cronin Wilson), with Minn Lee lying dead on the sofa

Photographs Stage Photo Co.

FILM NOTES

A LEADING TALKIE STAR

By Lionel Collier

Bazin (Lucien Littlefield) threatens "The Torch" (Laura La Plante) with arrest unless she accepts his love. A dramatic scene in "Captain of the Guard," to be seen at the Capitol

OUR losses in artists due to the introduction of talking pictures have been heavy, especially, of course, in Continental stars of the first order, such as Emil Jannings, Brigitte Helm, and Conrad Veidt.

Their places have been taken by singing troubadours of such an inferior nature that it is quite beyond doubt that in the Middle Ages they would have discreetly been disposed of by their respective seigneurs.

I am perfectly certain that their taste in music then would have been justified, and also their estimation of personalities.

A charming picture of Ann Harding in "Her Private Affair," a film directed by Paul Stein, to be released by P.D.C. shortly. Ann Harding acted in "Condemned" and will be seen in "Paris Bound"

HOWEVER, there have been certain compensations which, even if they do not outweigh the losses, offer a little consolation for the extraordinary flood of mediocrity with which the screen, both as an art and an entertainment, is being swamped.

Quite one of the most important of these compensations is Ann Harding, an American stage artist who combines sensibility, artistry, and personal attraction in a very high degree. She may be seen now in a film which has been generally released this week, a film which has deserved a special presentation much more than many ambitiously publicised productions, where money is of more importance, apparently, than talent.

It is an adaptation of a play by Francis Edward Faragoh, entitled "Her Private Affair," and, while the plot has weaknesses, its other merits easily outweigh them.

BRIEFLY, the story concerns a woman who murders the man who is blackmailing her, and allows the blame to rest on a servant who had the same will to murder and who, being drunk, believed he had done it. She employs a clever counsel to defend the man; and he is acquitted. But his conscience is still restless.

The woman's conscience becomes so tormenting that she eventually leaves her husband, who is a leading Viennese counsel. Finally, she confesses both to the servant and to her husband, and the latter forgives her on condition she stands her trial. The whole force of the story lies in Ann Harding's interpretation of the conscience-pursued woman. It is an unforgettable performance, vibrant, and passionate. Her characterisation is natural, and allows for a full comprehension of dramatic values, while her voice is most attractive and her delivery arresting in its intensity and realism. Although Harry Bannister, as the husband, speaks with a rather broad American accent when he is meant to be an Austrian, he, nevertheless, is good. This is chiefly because he has poise, dignity, and a sense of restfulness.

JOHN LODER, an English actor, is not too good as the wife's friend. He

"The Torch" (Laura La Plante) inciting the Revolutionists to attack in "Captain of the Guard," an operetta of the French Revolution recently completed at the Universal Studios

strikes an artificial note, due largely to a certain stiffness of gesture and demeanour. As the blackmailer, Lawford Davidson, another English actor, is excellent. He speaks extremely well, and conveys the type of man whom one could well wish to see murdered, and thus enlists sympathy for the heroine.

A Franco-American Revolution

American mentality is clearly demonstrated in a new picture, "The Captain of the Guard," which is due shortly at the Capitol. It started life in publicity sheets as "La Marseillaise," and purported to be a history of the origin of the French revolutionary hymn, with an especial bearing on its composer, Rouget de L'Isle. I understand that the title was changed because it was feared it would be too elusive for Anglo-Saxon tongues. As a matter of fact, the history of it as here presented is certainly too much for English mentalities.

According to this picture, the greatest driving forces in the Revolution were Rouget de L'Isle, who sings a very personal version of his song to the King, and Marie Marnay, known as The Torch. Nothing else seemed to matter much. Poor Louis XVI is depicted by Stuart Holmes—an excellent English actor, by the way—as a voluptuary, which no one else has accused him of yet, while most of the rest fail to convince one that they are impersonating Frenchmen.

In effect, it is a musical comedy with John Boles, a most robust de L'Isle, singing songs on every conceivable occasion, so I suppose one ought not to quarrel with its distortion of history.

Laura La Plante is so hopelessly miscast that one can only feel that Mark Twain had something to do with it, and translated her into the Revolution even as he put his Yankee into the Court of King Arthur. Unfortunately, she is not so amusing.

All this unsophistication is countered, as in most American films, by an exceptionally good command of technique, camera work, and settings. The picture, indeed, is worth seeing for the crowd scenes and fighting in the final sequences. These are most admirably depicted and excellently handled by John S. Robertson, who also introduces throughout the picture directional touches which lift it above its content.

Buster Keaton Talks

Just a brief note about a comedian who, to my mind, is the nearest approach as a pantomimist the screen has to offer to Charles Chaplin. I have always contended that if he opened his mouth he would put his foot in it, and this he has done in "Free and Easy," which was recently at the Empire.

It is back-stage, or, rather, "back-Hollywood set" stuff of the most unsophisticated description. In fact, the only time he is really funny is when he is not speaking. Is it too much to ask that in his next picture he will once again revert to silence? L. C.

Catherine Dale Owen seems to think Lawrence Tibbett is a delightful rogue in "The Rogue Song," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talking and colour picture

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POND'S Complete Method of Skin Care

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BY LEON HERON

RANGER

A BEATL COFFEE SERVICE

Dinner over—back in the drawing room—coffee comes to you in cups like hollowed-out jewels! Afire with colour, aglow with radiance, they fascinate at first glance. There is a tray to match, complete with quaintly-formed "sugar and cream." It is a Beatl service—the last word in modernity.

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Just as china is made by various designers under various names, so Beatl is moulded by different firms under the names Linga Longa, Bandalasta and M.L. The Coffee Service shown above, the Rose Bowl and the Cigarette Box, are all in "Linga Longa" Beatl and may be chosen in a dozen or more brilliantly beautiful colourings.

A full range of Beatl articles can be seen at the Beatl Shop, 219, Regent Street, London (Telephone Mayfair 4352). Also sold at leading stores throughout the country.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD

By

J. HASTINGS TURNER

"His face was purple with excitement, and his eyes were glittering like a panther on the trail"

I'VE got to put this thing on paper. I've told the story again and again, and I find, at the finish of it, that even my best friends are trying not to look slantwise at me. I don't blame them. It is, as one of them said to me, "a hell of a proposition." But the way I feel is that if once I can get the thing down in black and white it won't, so to speak, be on my mind so much. It was after I had told Bill Whiteman the story and asked him the question I always ask that I got the answer which I have written.

A hell of a proposition it may be . . . and perhaps I, too, ought to be where poor Robbie McClaren is—and he's been in an asylum these two years. . . .

I'd known Robbie since the days when we knocked cricket balls through his father's cucumber frames, and then told lies about it, for Robbie's father was about sixty years out of date, and Robbie feared him more than he feared hell. I think if his mother had lived, or if his father had been another kind of man, Robbie might have been every bit as sane as the rest of us. But he was hunted—literally hunted—through his boyhood. . . .

But that has nothing to do with the story. He became an architect. He never did much at it. I believe his ideas were a bit impracticable, and, anyway, he wasn't long enough at the job to make his mark. He was twenty-eight when the thing happened, and I was two years his senior. Of course, I knew that Robbie was what people call "peculiar." That is to say, he didn't fall in line with everybody else. He didn't play games, or shoot, or dance—in fact, the only thing he did was to play the piano. His own stuff, and for all I know abominable—but I liked to hear him play.

I HAD a little flat in Charing Cross Road, and one evening in the early summer Robbie blew in. I hadn't seen him for months, and I thought he looked rather used up.

"Look here, Roger," he said, "I want some air."

"You won't get it in Charing Cross Road," I answered.

"I want to go for a week—walking—anywhere," he went on. "Will you come?"

It was an attractive idea. The weather seemed set fair. The country would be at its best. I said I might.

"When I say anywhere," he continued, "I mean the Savernake Forest."

"Why?" I asked.

"I'm not going at all if I don't go there," he replied.

Well, I ought to have thought that a bit queer, I dare say, but I didn't. Robbie had always been a creature of whims, and if he'd set his heart on the Savernake Forest, why not? It's a lovely spot.

I said I didn't care where we went, and after a bit of a talk and planning things out, we agreed to make a start the following Saturday.

FOR a miracle the weather held, and as we walked out of Wantage, our faces set towards the downs, I think we both felt about eighteen. I can answer for myself at least, and Robbie's high spirits were almost embarrassing. He chucked his hat away over a hedge and sang lewd songs at the top of his voice. But Robbie had always hated towns, and became a different creature in the country. We tramped along for a couple of days, taking things easily, and I must confess I never remember such a grand time. The air was intoxicating, the turf like walking on a spring-board, and a subtle, satisfying appeal was coming to us from the very earth, the appeal of being English in England. (Robbie was Scotch, but he swore he felt it, too!) Those first two days were pure joy. . . .

On the third we were in the Forest itself, surprising squirrels and rabbits, and once, in the evening, an old badger. We deviated that night, and slept at the smallest inn I have ever seen in a village of which we didn't even ask the name. And, in the charming, contemptuous English way, the name not being written up for us anywhere, I do not know it to this day.

On the following morning we struck back into the Forest. And then I noticed that Robbie was beginning to hurry. He set about twice the pace we had been travelling. When I taxed him with it he slowed down, and made some silly joke about my getting an old man. But I noticed that he seemed curiously embarrassed.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. S. MAY

(All rights strictly reserved)

A strange eagerness seemed to have got hold of him. It was as if—yes, almost as if he was pointing, like a dog. But at the time, though I noticed his mood, I gave it no serious thought. Why should I? It was so like Robbie to have some unaccountable enthusiasm.

We lunched under a beech tree, and I remember a green woodpecker (shyest of birds) came and looked at us gravely from across the riding, and deciding that we were harmless, if unusual, continued his tap-tapping without taking any further notice.

When we had religiously buried our empty beer bottles and were watching the smoke from our pipes go spiralling up into the leaves, I said casually:

"Where do we turn in to-night, Robbie?"

"Oh, I know a place," he answered, and I noticed—or thought I noticed—a queer constraint in his voice, as if he was facing a crisis of some sort, a crisis which he knew would come. But I was sleepy, and paid no heed to it.

"Well, anyway," I murmured, "don't let's overshoot the mark again and have an extra two miles to the village at the end of the day."

For that was what we had done before, and two unexpected miles just when you're wanting your supper seem a day's journey.

Robbie's voice became suddenly quite surly.

"It isn't a village," he said abruptly.

"Oh, look here, Robbie," I protested, "if you think I'm going to doss down in some broken-down woodman's shack and go without my dinner, you're on the wrong horse."

He struck a match to relight his pipe, and his hand trembled ever so little. "It's not a shack," he said. "It's anything but a shack." He seemed to be trying to control some intense excitement. He gave me the impression that he was angry with me for asking questions. But I wasn't going to stand that. It isn't good for a chap, even if he does have whims, to be given in to all the time.

I said, "Well, you needn't be so mysterious about it."

He didn't answer for a moment or two, and when he did he had his back turned to me.

"It's a house," he muttered.

"A house?" I echoed. "What? Here in the middle of the Forest, miles from anywhere?"

"Yes," he said. He seemed to hate to talk about it.

"But it's impossible!" I cried.

He turned then, and I saw that he was furiously angry.

"It isn't impossible," he retorted. "I tell you, I know the house and I know the people who live there. I know the house well," he added in a gentler tone. As if he was remembering tenderly something happy about the place.

"Oh, all right," I answered "but you never said anything about it before."

"Why should I?" he snapped and I had no reply to that.

"I can't think how they carry on," I said, "marooned like that. Why, they'd never get a servant to stay in the place!"

He seemed to turn that over in his mind for a few seconds. Then he said, with a sort of gentle, reminiscent smile, "They're old family servants; they've been there for years."

"All the same," I protested, "they may not be exactly pleased at two fellows blowing in without notice, both as hungry as hell."

"They'll be delighted," he said earnestly, "delighted! Didn't I tell you I'd known them for years?"

"Oh, well," I answered, "it's up to you." After which we took the road again, or rather the path, for the riding had narrowed down to a bridle-track and the woods were thick all round us. I couldn't help wondering what strange sort of birds elected to live in the middle of a forest, and, with my practical, everyday sort of mind, speculating on how they ran the place. And from that I got to wondering how on earth the house came to be built, for you can't, as far as I know, buy a plot in the middle of Savernake Forest. I even came to the point where I was considering the possibility of Robbie trying to play a practical joke on me, and, by this time feeling a bit "leggy," I thought what a rotten sort of joke it would be, if such it was.

"Then Robbie and Dorothy disappeared somewhere"

Meanwhile Robbie himself was going faster and faster. Hang it, he was racing along as if he were on the Stock Exchange Walk! And his face! It was purple with excitement and his eyes were glittering like . . . like a panther on the trail. I thought: "Damn!—he's been sitting on wet grass, and he's got a chill and he's feverish." And I wondered what on earth I'd do about it, for Robbie was not strong, and if he was going to be ill he'd have complications quicker than anybody on earth. But just as I was speculating on these lines we turned a corner abruptly and came upon the house. I must confess I was relieved to see that house. If Robbie had taken a chill we could at least get a hot-water bottle and a whisky and lemon for him. And I took another sidelong look at the man. I was astonished at the change in him. The mere sight of the house seemed to have returned him to the normal. He stood quite still, looking at it with a sort of appreciative smile.

"Well, here we are," I said at last, "and damn it, Robbie, you've almost walked me off my feet."

"Sorry," he replied. "You see, I got in a funk that I shouldn't be able to find it."

So that was it. But fancy working oneself up into such a state! Thank God, I had an ordinary workaday temperament that refused to fatigue itself!

Then, for the first time, I took a real look at the house itself. It was a new house—and that gave me a bit of a shock, because, for some absurd reason or other, I had

(*Continued on page 288*)

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THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD (continued from page 286)

expected an old one. But this was quite new—so new, indeed, that the polygonum they meant to train up its walls was merely a row of spindly branches, and in the freshly laid lawn one could still see the gaps between the turves. As for the house itself, it was pleasing enough to look upon—built on two floors, with green shutters to the windows, which somehow or other gave it a foreign appearance. And yet, though it was an ordinary enough kind of house at first sight, there was something about it . . . some oddity which struck one, as such things will, even before one has time to see exactly what it is. But in another second, as we were approaching the front door, I saw what made the place look unusual. The roof. From each end of the long, low house it rose, with a gentle slope, to a point in the centre. I'd never seen a roof like that, and now that I did I couldn't help feeling that, with a long, low house like that, the effect of that slight slope and the centre angle where it met was rather pleasing.

I said as much to Robbie.

"Curious kind of roof," I commented, "but, in a way, rather effective, don't you think?"

"Do you?" he said, with a curious eagerness. "Yes, I agree. I like it immensely . . . immensely!"

I thought his sudden enthusiasm rather odd, until I remembered that he was an architect, and that these things meant much more to him than they did to me.

HE rang the bell, and, in the interval before the door was opened, I noticed that it was as much as he could do to keep still. He seemed consumed with an intolerable suspense.

A maid opened the door and recognised him immediately.

"Mr. McClaren," she said, and smiled at us; then she added: "I'll go and tell the master at once."

But Robbie stopped her.

"And Miss Dorothy?" he said. "She is at home, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes, sir," answered the maid. "Miss Dorothy is at home." I thought then that I understood everything. Robbie's excitement, his embarrassment (for that, of course, was the explanation of his bad temper), everything. But why on earth couldn't he have told me about Dorothy? After all, we had been friends for years. But a man in love is shyer than any girl. I was congratulating myself on such a simple explanation of what I had foolishly thought to be a feverish attack when I saw an old gentleman coming down the stairs to meet us. When I say old, I mean that he was what men of our age called old. I dare say he was round about sixty; and one of the most charming-looking men I've ever seen. His expression of welcome to us both, not only in his words but his face, made one feel in an instant that in that house one could never be a stranger again.

His arm went round Robbie's shoulder, but he smiled at both of us as he said: "Now, what would you two boys like? A drink right away—or a wash first, and join Dorothy and myself for cocktails in a quarter of an hour?"

WE chose the latter, and were shown to our rooms. Our host insisted on coming with us himself. I remember, when he left us, feeling a pity Robbie's father hadn't been that kind of man. He radiated everything that was generous, everything that was lovable. And evidently he was used to entertaining. My room looked as if I had been expected at this very moment. Robbie came in to me, after a wash and brush-up, and I commented on the readiness of things. I remember he walked to the window and sighed, a deep, contented sort of sigh. And then he turned and said quite simply,

"But you are Roger—I've always been expected here."

We went downstairs, and Dorothy gave us cocktails. She was a lovely girl, with a sly sense of fun that made one feel there was no barrier between the sexes after all. She didn't leave us after dinner, either, though her father told one or two naughty stories over the port. Nothing beastly about them, and Dorothy laughed as much as any of us. I began to envy Robbie.

I'd begun to look on myself as a confirmed bachelor, because I believed that, in the really intimate concerns of life, it is impossible to get on terms with a woman. But if you could . . . I mean if her mind really marches with your own. . . . Well, I must admit that after my second glass of port I regarded Robbie as an undeserving young devil. Then those two disappeared somewhere or other, and Dorothy's father smiled at me and produced some old brandy, and said it was good to look at them, wasn't it? And I said it was. And I felt it, too. For there was something about that house and its occupants that made you see life properly . . . and what a wonderful thing it could be. . . .

No, it wasn't the brandy. It was the house and its people.

By David Wilson

Temperance Reformer: "My husband was addicted to the bottle, but I persuaded him to sign the pledge. When he did so, my joy was so great that I flung my arms around his neck and kissed him!"

A Voice: "Serve him jolly well right!"

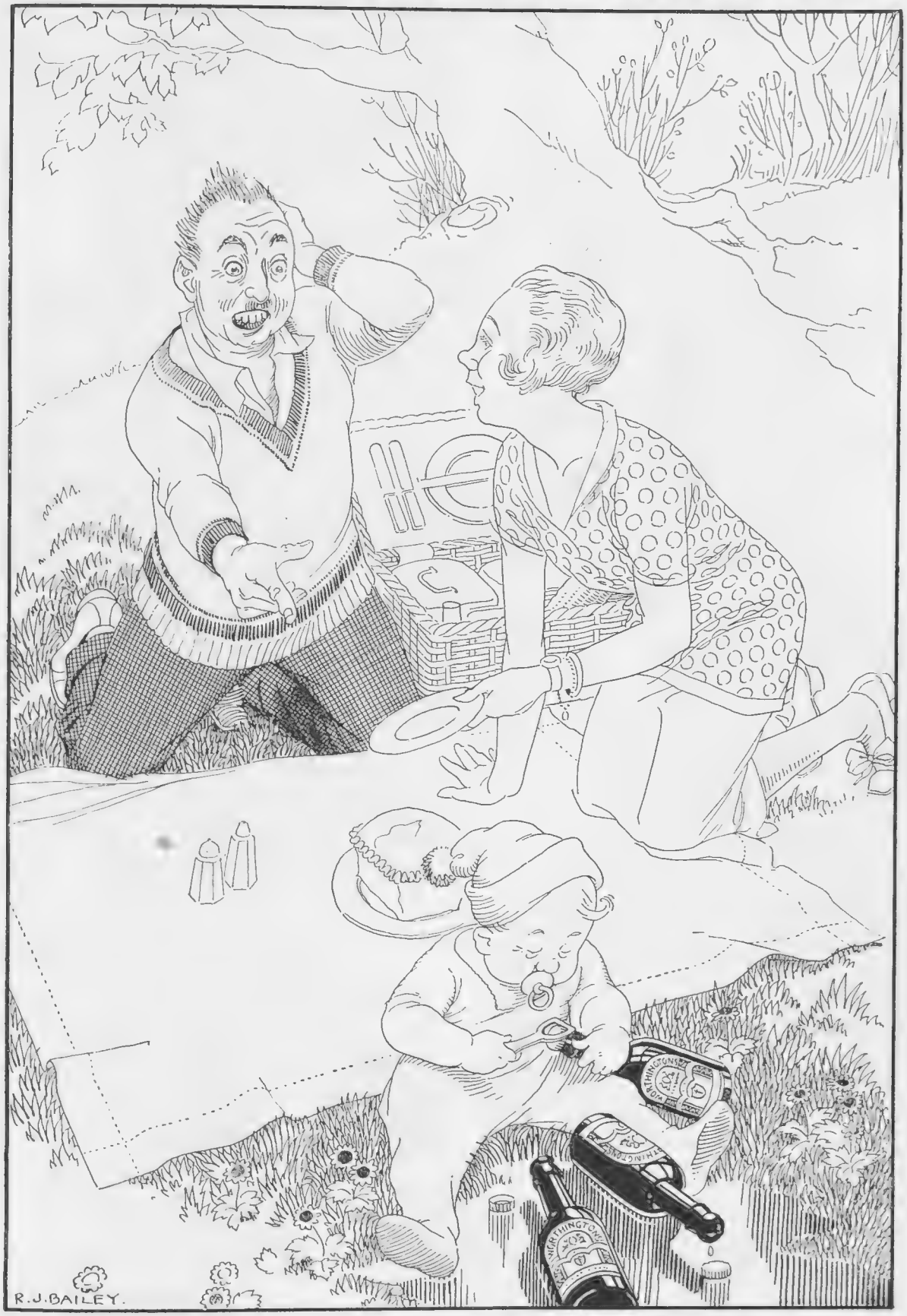
AND then Dorothy's father asked if I would like to see over the place, and, of course, I said "Yes," and he showed me every hole and corner in a way that made me know he loved it. And later Robbie and Dorothy joined us; and Robbie enthused over the place as if it were his own, which, I reflected, it might well be, one day. And—I may as well confess the thing—I was a little jealous of Robbie. I remember thinking, just before I dropped off to sleep that night, that it was rather a rotten sort of feeling to have had. Not that it mattered. Robbie was all right. You had only to see his face, as he said good-night to Dorothy and to her father at the foot of the stairs, to know that Robbie was all right.

And the next day, off we went again. I tried to rag Robbie, in the silly way men do, about Dorothy, but he got savage about it, and I shut up. We walked in silence for some time, and I had leisure in which to think that it isn't really such a grand joke—people falling in love, I mean. Nobody sees anything tremendously funny about Primavera or Héloïse and Abelard. What blasted cads we make of ourselves—following silly conventions! I remember I tried to apologise to Robbie, and he said, "That's all right," and said it, too, as if it didn't matter a damn what I'd said—because, I suppose, I was too small to count in the world he was living in just then. And I thought how right he was, and I felt a bit humble, and, as a sort of punishment, I put up with the long, silent walk that followed. I asked no more questions, and I certainly made no more silly jokes. We found our way to another country inn, and had the simple dinner they provided.

And it was there that it happened. Suddenly—straight out of the blue—in that shabby little coffee-room, Robbie gave a kind of queer cry and burst into tears. I got him

(*Continued on page 294*)

Play Titles bottled by Worthington



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THE "NEW TAILORING" — The fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth

BY JACK GREENALL

MOTHER: "*What did your father say when he saw his broken pipe?*"
BOBBY: "*Shall I leave out the swear words, mother?*"
MOTHER: "*Of course*"
BOBBY: "*Then he didn't say anything!*"

AMAZING AMATEURS · "THE NO-TRUMPERS"

"MANY YEARS AGO"

On the right, Miss Nannie Kelham and Mr. John Cohen. On the left, Miss Eileen Ripper and Mr. Geoffrey Cohen, as the old folk appeared fifty years ago, in a charming song scena

ON Thursday, May 8, the "No-Trumpers," a band of amateur players, are giving an after-dinner cabaret performance at the Hôtel Metropole in aid of the Middlesex Hospital. Founded by the late John Karminski, whose father is now President, and with a committee of which Mr. P. Triefus is Chairman, the "No-Trumpers" play for Charity, and those who have witnessed these entirely original performances wax enthusiastic over their cleverness. A further note dealing with the varied entertainment which this band of players provide will be found on page 272 of this issue

Photographs

King Cophetua (Rex Joseph) and the Beggar Maid (Pauline Morland) in a musical cameo, which concludes with a living picture after the famous Burne Jones canvas in the Tate Gallery

Topical Press

"A Corner in Spain," the concluding number of the first part of the "No-Trumpers" programme: the chorus at the back, and Senorita Suisa (Leonard Blackett) and Don Hispano (John Cohen) in foreground

Haig

has just that extra touch of quality with age which makes all the difference

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1627

THE HOUSE IN THE WOOD (continued from page 288)

up to his room somehow or other (I can still see the shocked and deprecating eye of a local farmer who had dined there, too). In the bedroom Robbie went mad. What I mean is, I believe that it was there his brain actually snapped. He did incredible things, he said incredible things. I'm not going to set them down here. I locked the door, found the landlord and got him to send someone for the local doctor. By the grace of God he was a man who knew more than he had need of, in that little place. When I took him into Robbie's room Robbie was stretched full length on his bed, naked, with the tears streaming down his face. I can't remember very much about what happened in that room. The doctor asked Robbie a question or two, and I remember him turning up his eyelids. Then he drew the coverlet over Robbie's stark, twitching body, and he and I went outside.

"I'm going to ring up for an ambulance," he said, "and your friend will be taken to London."

"What's happened to him?" I asked.

"I can't tell you that," answered the doctor; "I wish I could. If I could I'd be one of the world's greatest men. But I'm afraid I *can* tell you his condition. He's insane, poor chap. I may be wrong, but I think he's been insane for a long time. Something has brought it to a head."

So they took Robbie to London, where certain formalities were gone through, and Robbie disappeared to the place where now he is.

But I, being his friend, though I felt helpless, yet imagined it was at least my duty to tell the old man in the house with the strange roof, and to ask him, as gently as he could, to tell his daughter Dorothy

Perhaps you can guess what happened?

There was no house in the wood; there was no charming old gentleman; there was no Dorothy. They told me that at the inn, but I wasn't satisfied, and I went back myself to the very spot.

There were trees, and a little winding path, through little bushes struggling towards the sun. There was no place where a house could ever have been.

And yet . . . I've got to confess it.

I can still see that charming host, I can still see Dorothy, disappearing with Robbie into the newly made garden. I can still tell you every hole and corner of the house which the old man so lovingly showed me. I can even see the old court-cupboard, out of which he brought the decanter of liqueur brandy. . . .

Yet I'm allowed to go about my business, while poor Robbie. . . .

Still, they tell me he's perfectly happy. They say he spends most of his time drawing plans for grandiose and impossible palaces.

Well, I've written the thing down now, and although it's probably not particularly interesting, it has given me a certain amount of comfort in the doing. And if I am going mad . . . somebody will know why. I shall just put this MSS. in my desk, and it will be found . . . afterwards.

I can realise why people look at me the way they do, when I've told this story, but I can't stand it any more. . . .

I WROTE this yesterday, with an idea in my head that I wouldn't cumber the earth with my presence much longer. Yes. I'd even taken the old Service revolver out of the drawer and had a look at it. . . .

But thank God . . . thank God . . . I'm sane!

They found a note at Robbie's office, saying that, if anything happened to him, I was the only friend he had, and he would like me to go through his papers. I spent an afternoon carrying out Robbie's wish.

And all of a sudden I came across a careful and minute plan of the house in Savernake Forest; the queer roof . . . everything. I recognised every room, every corner. And just underneath it, on a sheet of notepaper, I found a poem. It was written "To Dorothy," and, though no power on earth would make me write it down here, I can say that it described the Dorothy I knew beautifully and completely.

And then, suddenly, I knew.

This was Robbie's ideal house, Robbie's ideal father, Robbie's ideal girl. He had created them all for himself. He had lived with them, dreamt with them, and then, alone with me in the forest, his brain, so much more vivid than my own, had made the thing real to me, too.

There is no doubt in my mind about that. I tell you, I could find my way over that house from top to bottom any moment you like.

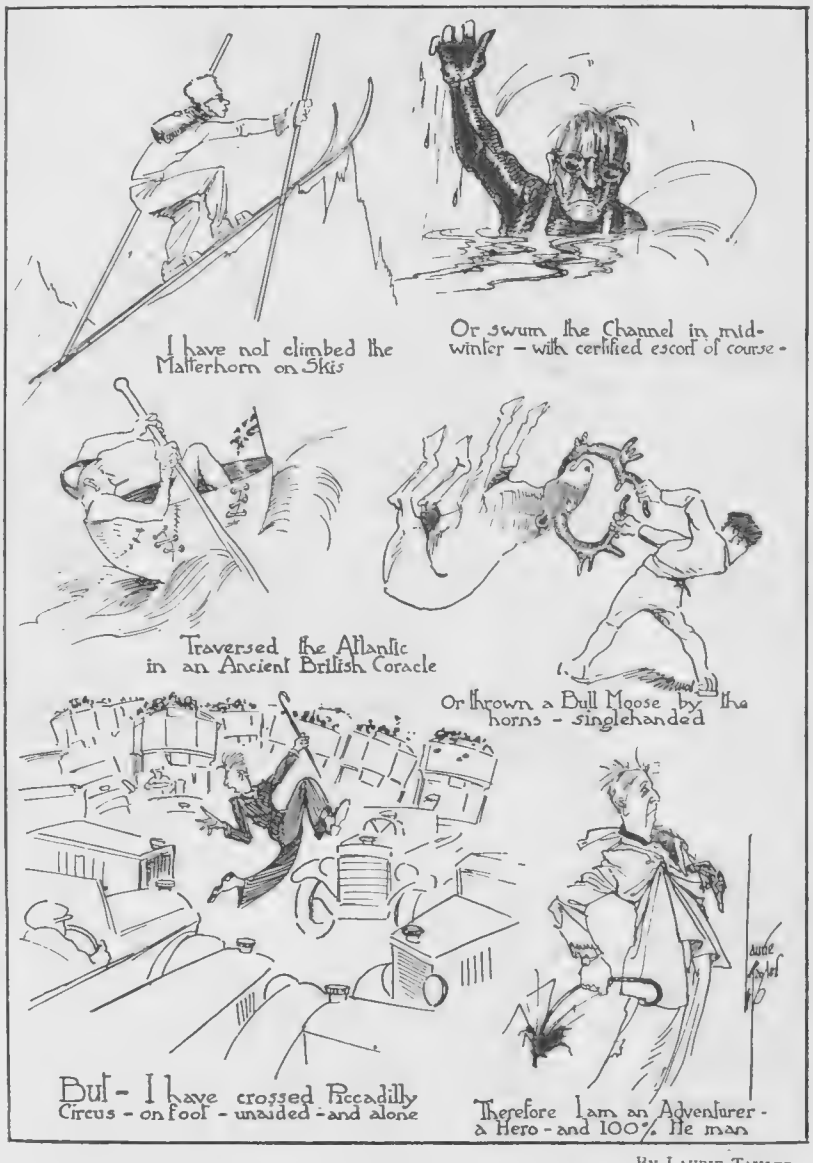
THAT'S all. But perhaps you'd like to know the question I always put when I tell this story.

"Do you think," I ask, "that it is possible for an hallucination which is a real and vivid thing to a lunatic, to be so impressed upon the mind of another chap that it materialises at least for the time being?"

When I asked Bill Whiteman that, he just said: "It's a hell of a proposition."

I suppose it is. But I've no doubt whatever myself.

J. H. T.



PUT TO THE TEST!

By Laurie Taylor

Still fresh - after the Dance

thanks to the wonderfully refreshing and lively purity of Schweppes Ginger Ale—Society's choice of a non-intoxicating drink for enjoyable thirst quenching

FOR THE CAR: *Motorists can obtain Schweppes Ginger Ale (also Tonic Water and Lemonade) in convenient cartons containing 3 large bottles or 6 small bottles, complete with Crown cork opener.*

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Also order—SCHWEPPES SODA WATER · TONIC WATER · GINGER BEER · LEMON SQUASH · CIDER · ETC.

The man who lost his 'Gold Flakes'

By Gluyas Williams

WHERE ON EARTH DID HE LEAVE HIS GOLD FLAKES ?

LOOKS ON TABLE, PIANO AND MANTEL-PIECE

CALLS TO FAMILY UPSTAIRS HAS ANYBODY SEEN HIS CIGARETTES THEY'VE DISAPPEARED

WIFE CALLS BRIGHTLY HERE THEY ARE AND TOSSES DOWN A PACKAGE WHICH ARE THE WRONG BRAND

FANCY GIVING HIM ANYTHING BUT WILLS'S GOLD FLAKE WIFE OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER

SHOUTS SOMEBODY'S TAKEN THEM THAT'S ALL, WHY CAN'T THE FAMILY LEAVE HIS THINGS ALONE

SINKS GLOOMILY INTO CHAIR AGAIN AND MUTTERS TO HIMSELF

FEELS SOMETHING HARD UNDER HIM, INVESTIGATES AND FINDS HIS GOLD FLAKES WERE IN THE CHAIR ALL THE TIME

LIGHTS UP WHILE A GREAT PEACE BEGINS TO STEAL OVER HIM

GLUYAS WILLIAMS

B.W. 391

PARIS GOSSIP

SKETCHES BY BUXTON

"Sit and lose their minds over pianists"

CONCERTS AND COUTURIERS

By Sylvia Lyon

WHEN José Iturbi entered the Salle Pleyel the other evening to give a concert, he paid admission to hear himself play, which reminded me of the story of the New Yorker who had gone so often to the transatlantic piers to see off friends who were sailing for Europe, that when the day arrived when he was to sail himself, as soon as the warning siren blew, he got off the boat. But Iturbi bought his ticket because the entire proceeds of the concert were to be given to the "Ligue Française Contre le Cancer." There is something magical about his playing of Chopin and Debussy and Ravel, and I nearly lost my mind over his Granados and Albeniz and de Falla: when Iturbi plays, the music seems to come without any human or mechanical transition, if you know what I mean.

"Paid admission to hear himself play"

THE loges of the Salle Pleyel run across the centre of the hall, and there on display were the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, who is one of the few French feminists, and the Duchesse d'Uzes, whom I am always surprised to see without her wolf-pack, as she is famous for the pack, the last one in France, which she keeps at her château in Bonnelles. The Duchesse d'Uzes must be nearly eighty years old now, but most energetic, and is actively the head of the Automobile Club Féminin, and often drives in its "rallyes" — those long, intense tours for prizes, which, I think, exist in no other country. Also in the audience were the Duchesse de Luynes, the Duchesse de Gramont, the Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, and the Princesse Ernest d'Arenburg. As in other cities, concert audiences attract more women than men, perhaps arbitrarily so, as I think the men stay away because it makes them angry the way women sit and lose their minds over pianists.

MAURICE ROSTAND

The dramatist, who is the son of Edmond Rostand. His new play, "L'Homme Que J'ai Tué" is now enjoying a great success in Paris at the Théâtre des Mathurins

CAPT. MOLYNEUX

The famous dress designer and head of the house of Molyneux in Paris has recently been decorated Chevalier of the Legion d'Honneur. The award was made in recognition of the great help he has given the dress industry in France and his active service record during the War

AFTER the concert we went to the Grand Écart, which is still as amusing a place to go as anywhere, particularly in this peculiar season, when Paris is filled with people whom one never sees elsewhere. Anyhow, there were countless good-looking women there on this particular evening, and all of them of obviously different social and moral status. It is really very strange that at the Grand Écart, with very few exceptions, all the good-looking women are with the most unattractive men, while all the good-looking young men are with other good-looking young men. Paris gets wilder and wilder, and if you think I have a double meaning, you're wrong; it is triple. I saw Jane Renouardt, who is playing at the Daunou in *Fleurs de Luxe*, which is making a success, but, I think, one of the stupidest comedies I have ever seen. Sitting at the bar was Damia, who had dropped in from her turn at the little "Menus Plaisirs" near by. I recalled that another famous chantreuse-diseuse, Yvonne Georges, was reported dead the other day in the papers, and all Paris was very much ému at the tragic end of one of the first stars of the old Chez Fisher. But fortunately the news was corrected the next day, as some fiendish humorist had announced her death as a sort of pleasantry.

I THINK that the most insane group of people in Paris for the two weeks preceding Easter were the dressmakers, who for several days had to refuse orders. And I wondered how many creatures besides myself were terrified when the invitations for the wedding of Miss Anne Tyrrell and Mr. Adrian Holman, which took place in Notre Dame on the 30th, arrived on the 15th. And these same terrified creatures went, with tears rolling down cheeks, from couturier to couturier begging them to have a heart.

I FIND the flux of time and fashion a bit dizzy. The other evening I dined at the Michodière, which was filled with smart-looking people, the same unidentifiable crowd (which would probably cause them great pain to know) that comes to Paris at Easter time. The band, which leaves at twelve o'clock to play at Florence's, was, as usual, playing jazz. But

everybody seems to think that with long, languorous dresses, long, languorous waltzes have come in again. And I think it droll to see youngish couples suddenly take on a perfectly patriarchal air, and go hopping around to the Blue Danube, as though they used to dance to it when it first appeared. Suddenly, and it served them right, one couple—the man of which was wearing a positively Viennese expression—whirled about a little too violently, and fell to the floor with a crash and a foam of imprimée chiffon and black tails.

THE death, at thirty years of age, of the Comte Bruno d'Harcourt, who died of injuries following his competition in a road race near Larache, in Spanish Morocco, recalls a tragic incident in his family, which was also enacted in the atmosphere of life and death. The Comte d'Harcourt married some years ago the Princesse Isabelle de France, the eldest daughter of the Duc and Duchesse de Guise.

Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi in the first French talkie in which he has played. This film, "Mon Gosse de Père," was made in Paris

When their first child was born, on the Larache estate of the Guise family, a fête was given the evening following the baptism. While the house was filled with guests and music, Harcourt's uncle, the Comte de Bernis, in the garden below the lighted windows of the ballroom, fought a duel with swords with a Spanish officer, and Bernis was killed. And a few weeks ago, while the Comtesse d'Harcourt was in Naples to be with her sister, the Duchesse de Pouilles, formerly Princess Anne of France, who had just given birth to a daughter, the Comte d'Harcourt was carried dying to a clinic in Casablanca. His wife at once boarded a 'plane and flew across the Mediterranean, followed on sea by the Duchesse de Guise. Both reached d'Harcourt before the end came.

ALFRED SAVOIR, the author of *Bluebeard's Eighth Wife* and *The Grand Duchess and the Head Waiter,* is writing a play based on a fantastic supposition that Napoleon won Waterloo and merely retired to St. Helena to lead a quiet life. . . . Jacques Stern, racing man and deputy, has filed a complaint against the noise forthcoming from the Sporting Club de France, next to his house in the Rue de l'Elysée. . . . Victor has taken over the ownership of Florence's, in the Rue Fontaine. . . . By the time this article appears Bernard Grasset will have brought out Sir Philip Sassoon's *The Third Route,* which has been translated into French by the Princess Marthe Bibesco. . . . Al Jolson is to appear for the first time in Paris at the Empire Music-hall in the Avenue Wagram in October. . . . The Japanese Theatre, under the direction of Tokujiro Tsutui, will shortly perform at the Théâtre Pigalle. . . . A literary society is offering a prize for a new formula to replace the classic definition of a Frenchman: a man who wears a decoration, has a beard, eats a lot of bread, and knows nothing of geography.

Central News.

Baroness Andrewski, the only daughter of the late General Baron Michael Andrewski, A.D.C. to the late Tsar. Having escaped from the Bolsheviks, she took up dancing and is now the most highly paid cabaret star in France

SEEING this and that, these and those: On an Hispano-Suiza, a large question-mark instead of a monogram, revealing the owner as Costes, the aviator; bookshop windows completely filled with bright red new Michelin guides and pale blue copies of Clemenceau's "Grandeurs et Misères d'une Victoire"; Maurice Pagnol, the author of *Topaze* and *Marius,* turning out to be one of the youngest, and certainly the handsomest dramatists I have ever seen; a group of dancers from the Spanish Ballet, blithely walking down the Avenue Montaigne in large flat hats, wide black trousers, and silver-buttoned velvet jackets.

NIKITA BALIEFF, looking rather cross, walking down the Rue St. Honoré, and *not* wearing his evening clothes, in other than which I could never imagine him; two prosperous Americans silently walking through the old coach museum at Versailles, quite silent and unimpressed, until the guide, stopping before a lumbering and perfectly hideous carriage of the Louis-Philippe era, said, "This cost a million francs," upon which the Americans loudly repeated the phrase, looked awed, and walked on, completely ignoring an exquisite little sleigh which belonged to the Polish Queen of Louis XV!

S. L.

Kate and Candles

They say there are two snags about living in the country. Maids and lights. You can't keep maids; you have to have lamps. The maids' difficulty is helped if they open a picture house in the village. The matter of lights you can settle yourself at once. Whether it's a castle or a crib, you can install your own electric supply at a cost which isn't much, considering the comfort and convenience you get.

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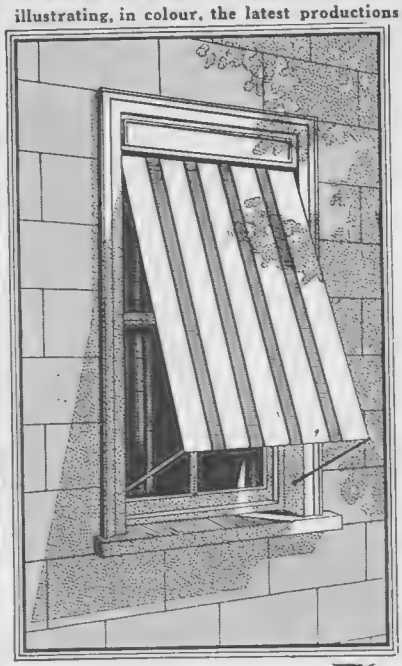

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—*A. Percy Bradley in the "SPHERE,"* 12-4-30.

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THE LITERARY SHOW

MAINLY ABOUT BLURBS

By J. A. Hammerton

Illustrated by BUD PERMANT

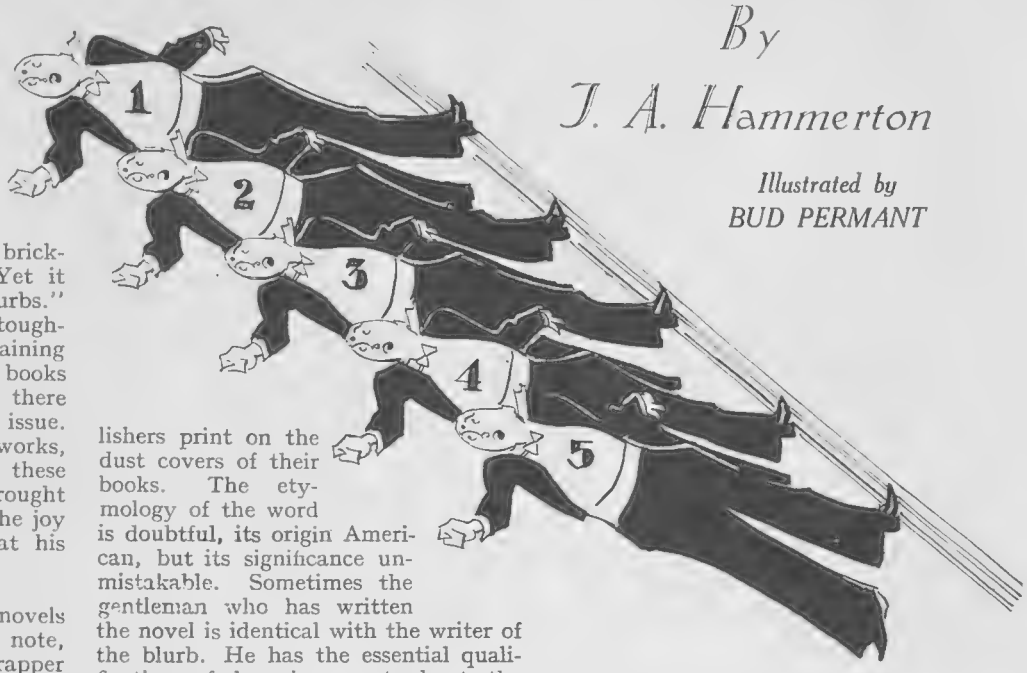
I HAVE had an amusing hour this morning, during which the whole outer world that I was hurtling through at fifty miles an hour ceased to exist for me and came back only, with some degree of irritation, as the train was crossing the bridge at Vauxhall. It was a pale green booklet, with a charming wrapper in green and brick-red, that worked the magic. Yet it was merely a collection of "blurbs." In other words, Hodder and Stoughton's latest book list, containing advance notes of so many new books that one is left wondering what there can be left for other publishers to issue. Somewhere about a hundred new works, chiefly novels, are heralded in these pale green pages, and what has brought me pleasure in perusing them is the joy of observing the blurb writer at his blurbiest.

FOR each one of these new novels there is a cunningly phrased note, such as will be printed on the wrapper of the book itself. The effect of reading the lot at a sitting suggests a visit to a showground, where at the entrance of a hundred booths as many showmen are shouting the attractions to be seen within. And again I am reminded of the canny Scot, who, having seen a sensational announcement on the news bill of a Glasgow daily, bought a copy of the paper, only to find so brief a paragraph about the news that he went to the office and offered to swop his paper for a copy of the bill. So much have I enjoyed this green booklet that I can hardly hope for further pleasure were I so rash as to purchase—for I am one of the few who buy several new books every week—any of the great works of fiction thus introduced to me by the H. and S. showmen.

BLURBS, as you know, are those laudatory paragraphs which publishers print on the dust covers of their books. The etymology of the word is doubtful, its origin American, but its significance unmistakable. Sometimes the gentleman who has written the novel is identical with the writer of the blurb. He has the essential qualification of knowing most about the contents of the book, and he is, almost without exception, its most fervent admirer. The hand of the publisher's tame showman, however, may be detected in the similarity of the phrasing. He steps in where the modesty of the author himself might call a halt, and, adding a few super-superlatives, gives the necessary finishing touch that distinguishes a blurb from an ordinary advance paragraph.

"The canny Scot . . bought a copy of the paper"

LET me give some examples of the most up-to-date method of beating the preliminary drum. There is a novel entitled *The Last Hero*, which has been written by a Mr. Leslie Charteris, of whom I was in a state of sinful ignorance. But only for a moment, as I read at the beginning of its blurb that: "Leslie Charteris is not to be dismissed or even accepted just as a writer of very good mystery stories. His work is, in fact, most uncommon and most uncommonly good." That, I submit, is a very effective start for arresting the attention of the wayward reader. Precisely what it signifies is another matter. But when the writer of the blurb for Mrs. C. Lenanton's *Fair Stood the Wind* assures me that I shall remember that Mrs. Lenanton's "most popular modern novel" was *The Holiday*, I must declare his assumption unwarranted and question the taste which suggests that this lady has also written some ancient novels. Note how a posthumous yarn—one or two—by "Seamark" (the late Austin Small of tragic memory is introduced:—



"Within a week those five guests were found dead"

Seamark, the Prince of Mystifiers, discovers the "Avenging Ray." The hero is a young man, wealthy, very good-looking, named Gerry Windermaine. He is staying with friends in Devon, and while out walking he notices a brown streak about a yard wide which crosses the lane and goes on over the moors—the trail hadn't been caused by fire, but everything it passed over was absolutely dead, and crumbled at a touch. Gerry sets out to solve the mystery. He meets a delightful girl . . .

And so on. Can you resist the temptation to rush to the nearest bookseller's for a copy of *The Avenging Ray*? I am struggling against it, but I have a more desperate struggle when I read the first two sentences that introduce me to Mr. Selwyn Jepson's *I Met Murder*:—

A soft "plop" against the oak panelling and the stem snapped from the wine-glass held by their host was a sufficiently startling experience for guests at a dinner party on a warm summer's evening. But more was to follow, for within the week those five guests were found dead with a bullet hole neatly drilled in their foreheads!

As a son of Edgar Jepson, Selwyn has not been reared in a literary home without learning some of the tricks of the trade. That he has got the formula of the feuilletoniste pretty pat you will agree.

THESE are fair examples of the style in which some scores of novels, chiefly by writers who are quite unknown to me, are being introduced by their publisher in his capacity as showman. Individually, each of these

blurbs might serve its purpose in awakening the interest of someone who chanced to pick up the volume at a bookstall. But, printed together, the result is diverting and a little pathetic. For in three months after all those scores of novels are published they will, with two or three exceptions — who knows which?—have had their day and ceased to be. One marvels at the immense amount of ingenuity devoted to the exploitation of so much that is ephemeral. Always, however, there is the gambler's hope that just one of them will prove a best seller such as Hodder and Stoughton had the fortune to find nine years ago in A. S. M. Hutchinson's *If Winter Comes*.

Our latter-day criticism is characteristic of Mr. Puff.

MR. HUTCHINSON, who has recently settled at Eastbourne, in a house not far away from one formerly occupied by C. M. Doughty, the author of *Arabia Deserta*, whom few Eastbournians seem to have known or heard of, has a new volume of short stories, *The Golden Town*, appearing before these lines will be in print. Hutchinson has a very happy style in the short story, although he has written fewer of these than most of our novelists who have attained to his position of popularity in full-length fiction. I should be glad to think that some of his earlier stories, such as *The Happy Warrior* and *Once Aboard the Lugger*, have benefited from his latter-day popularity. They appeal to me even more than some of his more recent work. I have often wished that he would reprint a most diverting series entitled *The Private Papers of Clarence Carlisle* ("an unfortunate young man"), which gave great amusement to the scores of thousands who read them twenty-five years ago in a magazine I happened to be editing. Clarence was a good second to Mr. Pooter of *The Diary of a Nobody*, and that is very high praise.

REVERTING to the blurb. I am afraid that the development of this art has not been without its effect upon the reviewing fraternity. The publisher supplies you with a book which bears on its paper wrapper an exciting foretaste of its contents; this enables you, with a rapid run through the later chapters, to see how the story is worked out, and leaves you with the illusion of having read the whole. Thus in a very short time you can work your way through a hefty pile of modern novels, and if in your reviews of these you are careful to insert several gushing phrases which can be extracted by the publishers for their advertisements you will see your name in type as bold as that of the author's—nay, sometimes bolder—flaring in the publishers' columns of the Press as one of the critics who applaud. Is it surprising, then, that most of our latter-day criticism is characteristic of Mr. Puff? Some reviewers—not necessarily persons of any literary achievement—will derive as much publicity from writing a buttery paragraph about a new novel as many an author gets from the production of a work on which he may have spent two years of his life. Literary fame is cheap to-day if you care to acquire it in this fashion.

ONE who used to be an able and penetrating critic of literature, although I remember him coming a cropper over Meredith, is Mr. Middleton Murry. During the last few years, as a consequence of his continual effort to enlarge the criticism of literature into a criticism of life, he seems to have been concerned only with the solemn matters of the soul. I have been looking into his latest experiment in mysticism, *God*, and find myself wishing that he had not travelled quite so far from the mundane things of which he used to write so well. It would seem that the untimely death of his talented wife, Katherine Mansfield, had an extraordinary influence on his later development, and the mystical communion which he appears to maintain with her has coloured everything he has written for seven years past.

J. A. Hammerton

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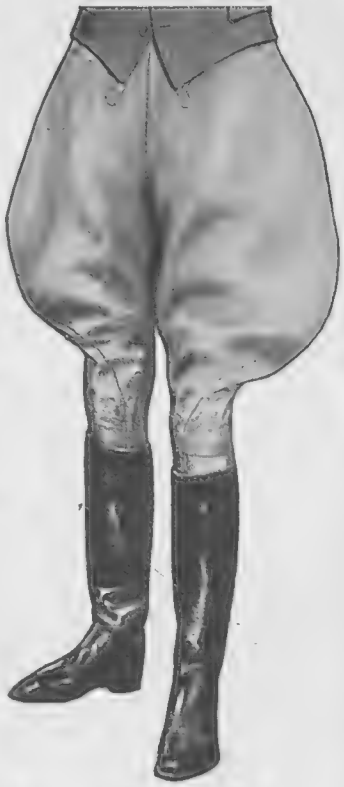

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PROGRAMME OF THE CHIEF EVENTS FOR SEASON 1930.

POLO.

MAY	Mon.	12.	Polo	Whitney Cup commences.
	Sat.	17.	Polo	**Trial Match.**
	Sat.	24.	Polo	**Whitney Cup Final** (at Hurlingham).
	Mon.	26.	Polo	Roehampton Open Challenge Cup commences.
	Sat.	31.	Polo	**Roehampton Open Challenge Cup Final.** Young Cup commences.
JUNE	Mon.	2.	Polo	Roehampton Cup commences.
	Sat.	7.	Polo	**Roehampton Cup Final.** **Young Cup Final.**
	Mon.	9.	Polo	**Public Schools Cup** (Eton and Harrow).
	(Whit-Monday.)			Roehampton Junior Championship commences.
	Sat.	14.	Polo	**Roehampton Junior Championship Final.** Lawson Cup commences.
	Sat.	21.	Polo	**Lawson Cup Final.**
	Mon.	30.	Polo	Sutton-Smith Cup commences.
JULY	Wed.	2.		**Trial Match.**
	Sat.	5.	Polo	**Sutton-Smith Cup Final.**
	Mon.	7.	Polo	Shaw Cup commences.
	Wed.	9.	Polo	**British Empire Garden Party.** Commencing at 2.15 p.m., will include reception by the High Commissioners of the Dominions. Special polo match. **Goulburn Polo Club (Australia) v. Roehampton.**
	Sat.	12.	Polo	**Shaw Cup Final.**
	Mon.	14.		Roehampton Military Handicap Challenge Cup commences.
	Sat.	19.	Polo	**Roehampton Military Handicap Challenge Cup Final.**
	Mon.	21.	Polo	Ladies' Nomination Challenge Cup commences.
	Sat.	26.	Polo	**Ladies' Nomination Challenge Cup Final.**

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JUNE 16, 17, 18. Southern Competition for Inclusion in the All-England Lawn Tennis Championship Meeting at Wimbledon.
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OCT. 7 to 10. Roehampton Autumn Foursomes (organised by *Eve*).
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NOV. 12, 13. Ladies' Championship Challenge Cups.

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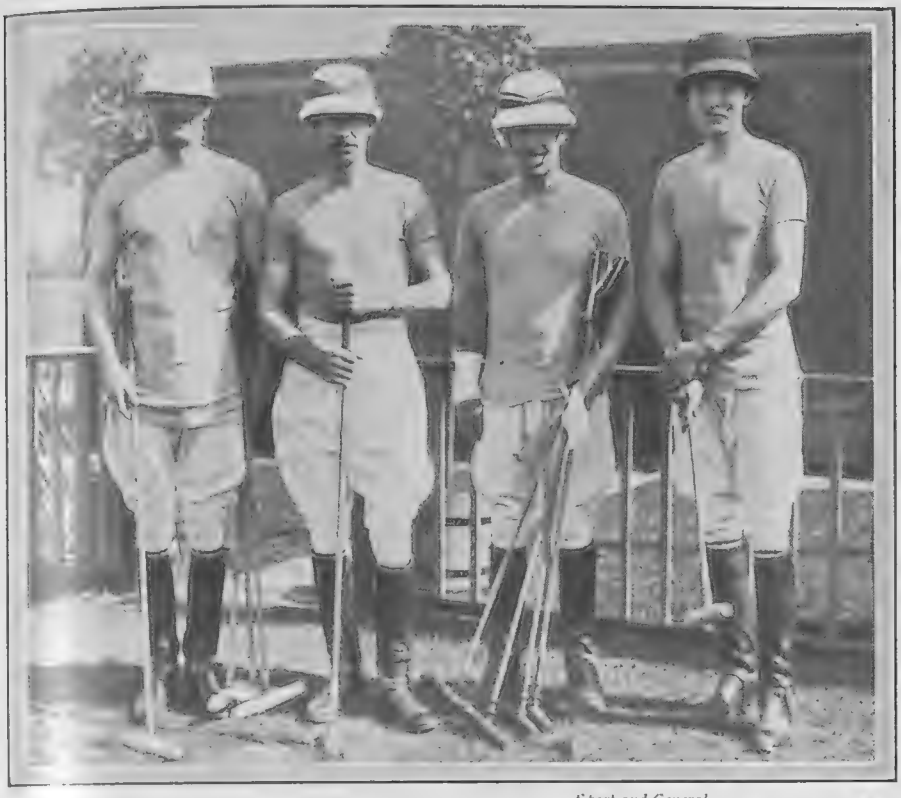

Sport and General

The English team which will visit the States to try to win the Westchester Cup seen at the Beaufort Polo Club at Norton. From left to right are Major G. Phipps-Hornby (No. 1), Capt. C. T. I. Roark (No. 2), Capt. C. Tremayne (No 3), and Mr. H. P. Guinness (back)

POLO IN 1930

ENGLAND'S CHANCES FOR RECOVERING THE CUP FROM AMERICA

By "Number One"

FORTY-FOUR years ago the International polo contest between England and America was first started, and it has provided polo folk, as well as many other people, with a topic of never-failing interest ever since.

Every time that England gets together a team there is a host of well-wishers who are convinced that they, and they alone, know the secret of success. The members of the team are criticised severely and individually, their play is pulled to pieces, and the captain is instructed what to do or not to do by enthusiastic amateurs who would find it difficult to sit a polo pony for five minutes, let alone hit a ball.

Then there are the pessimists who see in a defeat a sign of England's growing decadence and of the inability of the modern youth to devote himself to anything but racing cars. They sigh over the "good old days," and view with gloom Britain's approaching collapse in the world of sport, if not the total dissolution of her Empire.

THE optimists, on the other hand, are always big with hope. They affect not to believe in American methods, and are always on the point of "showing them what's what." Every time that we send over a team they are convinced that this is to be the crucial year when we shall carry all before us, and they refuse to listen to the voice of reason.

Of course, as is always the case, wisdom lies midway between the two opposing factions. There is nearly always a reason for everything, even in the world of sport, and it is not entirely because the Americans are better players, or that they have better ponies (as a matter of fact, we have excellent ponies, if not such a number), that they have been winning of late years, nor is it because of their wealth, a very favourite excuse used by our apologists. It is what schoolmasters call a concatenation of circumstances and was almost bound to occur.

AT the beginning of the contests the Americans were steadily beaten, in the first match by ten to four and in the second match by fourteen goals to two. The second challenge was played in 1900, when the English were again victorious, winning by eight goals to two. Then mark what happened. The Americans realised that they were outclassed and put up a desperate effort in 1902, actually winning the first match by two goals to one, although they were beaten in the second and third by six to one and seven to one. Then in 1909 the "Big Four" carried the trophy back to America.

THE enthusiasm of the comparative newcomers to the game caused them to put forth every possible effort, and these efforts were crowned with success. There was only time for three more contests before the War broke out, and on all three occasions play was very close. In the 1913 challenge the

(*Continued on page 307*)

Sport and General

ENGLAND'S NO. 3

Capt. C. Tremayne, who will take charge of the English polo team which is going to America this summer to challenge the States for the Westchester Cup

A wearer's opinion of "EVEREST" CLOTH

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(signed) James Workman,
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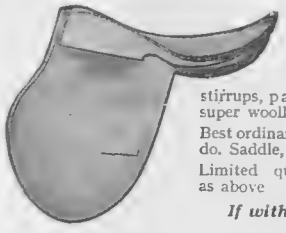

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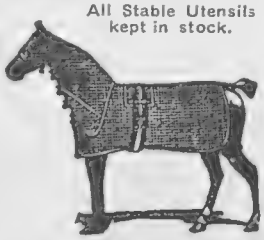

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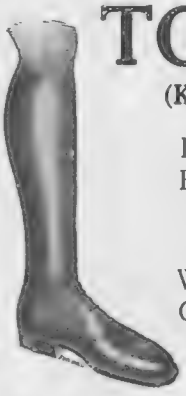

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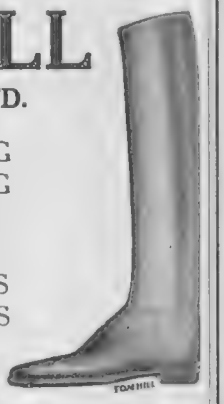

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POLO IN 1930 (continued from page 305)

captain, Captain R. G. Ritson, was a very sick man, having barely recovered from a serious operation, as well as having been poisoned by eating some bad fish just before the game. It is very probable, although all such conjecture is bound to be within the realm of "might-have-been," that had the War not broken out we might have kept the cup over here indefinitely, for in 1914 Lord Wimborne financed a team, consisting of Barrett, Leslie Cheape, Tomkinson, and Lockett, a team which brought back the cup to Hurlingham.

W. A. Rouch

CAPT. M. J. KINGSCOTE

He will be the Master of the Horse for the English team during their American tour

Thus we have the perfectly logical occurrence of the original holders of the polo trophy winning to begin with because of their greater knowledge of the game, then losing as the challengers became stronger (and it may be because they were a trifle too confident), and finally, realising the position and exerting all their efforts, again proving victorious.

But the War was bound to take a terrible toll and it depleted the ranks of the polo players. Leslie Cheape and Noel Edwards were killed, Gerald Ritson came through unfit ever to play polo again, and who knows how many promising young players lie buried in Flanders and Gallipoli.

Those of the pre-War players who are left are old, and in no other game does age tell so quickly. Post-War conditions meant a shortage of money and a lack of most of the material necessary to ensure a first-class team. The country was war-sick, men and ponies were hard to find, and in consequence we were badly defeated.

But this year there is legitimate reason to hope that, even if we do not bring back the cup, we may succeed in making an even contest of it and of once more showing something of our old prowess. One might even go farther and say that the team which will represent England at Meadowbrook, Long Island, in September has a particularly good chance of success.

Apart from the fact that our team is distinctly promising, there is the fact that the American team will be minus one of their greatest, if not their greatest, players. It is no exaggeration to say that Devereux Milburn is the most brilliant back seen on any polo field in the last twenty years. The American successes in the international matches have been largely due to his play and to his extraordinary grasp of a situation. In consequence of this they will probably have three players who are new to international polo, and so far none of the younger players has shown the form displayed by either Hitchcock or Milburn at the beginning of their respective polo careers.

Polo is essentially a game of combination. Individual brilliancy, unless subordinated to the needs of the team as a whole, is useless; indeed, it is worse than useless—it leads to disaster.

The darling of the ignorant public, the man who makes flashy shots and who plays a beautiful "gallery" game, is worth nothing to his side. The valuable player is he who can back up his companion's play and who, above all, knows what international polo is and who is used to the stress and strain of a hard fought game with thousands of spectators watching.

The loss of Devereux Milburn will not be only a material one; it will detract largely from the moral security of the American team as a whole, and it may affect them more when they actually reach the playing field than they now realise. In international polo experience is worth more than sheer play, and Milburn was a man who combined both qualities.

As far, therefore, as the opposing side goes, we are in a stronger position today than has been the case for many years, and this should help us enormously. Nothing is more comforting than the knowledge that one's opponents are not as strong as they have been formerly, and nobody can deny that with the passing of Devereux Milburn from international polo there passes one of the giants of the game.

Sport and General

A scene during the first International Trial Match of the season, held on the Beaufort Polo Club's ground at Norton, near Chippenham. England (in white) are breaking away from a throw-in

THE English team will be at least as well mounted as the American. That is a fact which is of the greatest importance, particularly as it is the fashion to assume that the English team is invariably mounted on a scratch collection of ponies, while the Americans bring out a succession of equine "stars." This year, at any rate, this is not the case.

The ponies have been selected with the greatest care, and there has been a large number from which to choose. There is little which encourages a team, or, conversely, discourages them, more than the possession of first-class mounts or the reverse. As far as the ponies go, we are in a stronger position to-day than we have been for some time.

But whatever the state of the opposing team, however good the ponies, in the end it is the men themselves who must, of necessity, be the deciding factor for success or otherwise, and the chosen team is a good one, and may easily prove to be a brilliant one. It consists of Major Phipps-Hornby, No. 1; Captain C. Roark, No. 2; Captain C. H. Tremayne, No. 3; and Mr. H. P. Guinness, back.

MR. "TOMMY" HITCHCOCK

Captain of America's polo defence team, taking the ball away from Mr. Devereux Milburn during a fast chukker in a game recently held at Aiken S. C. This was one of the first match games that Milburn had played since he was forced to retire two years ago, owing to injuries which he sustained through a fall from his horse

THE team is under the leadership of Captain Tremayne, and although he has not had the advantage of international experience, nor has he yet shown individual first-class form, he is an excellent leader. In addition, he knows the game thoroughly, and to know the game is half the battle, for tactics play an important part in polo and is of the utmost value in keeping a side together. It is of scant value to have four individually brilliant players if they are "all over the place," and a man who has the confidence of his team is the right man to lead them, and he may easily turn a losing game into a victory.

CAPTAIN ROARK is as good an individual player as there is, and what is more important, a team player. He has experience of international polo in America, and I am not overstating the case when I say that his form will at least be as good as any other player on either side. His initiative and dash make him a dangerous opponent at all times.

WITH Major Phipps-Hornby as No. 1, our forwards will be up to international form. It may be argued that Phipps-Hornby is rather on the old side, but he is a man of great vigour, and he is a better player in America than he is in this country. He is short, quick, slightly inaccurate hitter, and his style requires a fast, true ground to be seen at its best. His great strength as No. 1 is that he goes fast all the time, and in consequence his weakness in stick work is compensated for by his quickness in getting about the ground. This is due, of course, to exceptional horsemanship, a factor which is of the utmost importance in all first-class polo. Horsemanship, in the last resort, being perhaps of almost more importance than mere stick work. The combination of the two produces the outstanding international player.

Mr. Guinness is a very good, hard-hitting young player. He is absolutely first-class, but it is said that he is difficult to mount. With the ponies we have at our disposal, however, this should not prove to be an insuperable obstacle, and of the

(*Continued on page 310*)

BEDROOM SUITES

This 4-ft. finely figured Walnut Bedroom Suite is one example of the many which can be seen in our Showrooms. We invite you to inspect our unique Stock, the largest and most varied in the World; and to compare prices and quality

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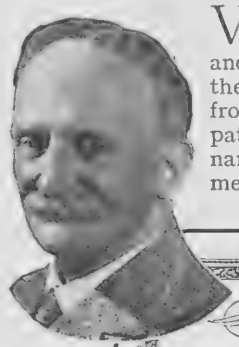
2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3, 8 oz. 2/3, 1 lb. 4/3

SCIENTIST'S REMARKABLE HEALTH DISCOVERY

THE HEALTH value of electricity in its various forms of light, heat, and an invisible flow of electrons, has been brought home to the public in dramatic fashion in recent times. The most eminent physicians in the land have given their blessing to electro-therapy.

And now a well-known British scientist offers an explanation, and by means of a new invention brings electricity as a healing force within the reach of all.



THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

MR. OVERBECK, who is a fellow of so many societies representative of culture, science and the arts (he is a F.R.S.A. and F.P.C. (Lond.), to mention but two), has written a book entitled "A New Electronic Theory of Life," which throws a flood of light on the relation between electricity and life.

Mr. Overbeck says ". . . Life is an electric manifestation . . . the lack of electricity alone produces old age and decrepitude. All bacteria-free diseases represent simply electrical unbalance."

* * *

APPLYING his principles in a practical form, Mr. Overbeck has produced an electrical instrument for self-treatment, which has been given the appropriate name of Overbeck's Rejuvenator.

This picture of Miss St. Elmo in bathing dress more than bears out her claim to find "very little trace of age in face or body," at past fifty, thanks to Overbeck's Rejuvenator.

Mr. Overbeck has taken his own medicine, and claims to have banished those old age infirmities which a lifetime devoted to laborious research had heaped upon him. So that to-day, at seventy years of age, he feels like a man of thirty, and is mentally more alert than ever. Before he took to using his Rejuvenator, his doctor told him to make his will, as his heart was so weak that he had not long to live. The heart disease has gone, as well as the kidney trouble from which he was a life-long sufferer. His spectacles (worn for years) are no longer required.

A WONDERFUL ELECTRICAL INSTRUMENT.

VERY soon the Press was talking about Mr. Overbeck's discovery, and before long unsolicited orders for the Rejuvenator began to pour in from every civilised land. World patents, therefore, were taken out. A name had to be chosen for the instrument. "It has rejuvenated me. It will rejuvenate others. I will call it 'Overbeck's Rejuvenator,'" was a happy thought, and under this aptly chosen name it has gone forth on its mission of healing to the Far East and the Far West, to the Far North and the Far South. **Even in remote islands of the Pacific and little "sugar islands" of the West Indies, even in the "Purple Land" below the Equator in the New World, and amid the frozen snows of northernmost Canada, the little Rejuvenator is doing for others what it has done for Mr. Overbeck himself.**

Reduced facsimile of the Diploma of Merit awarded to Mr. O. Overbeck, F.R.S.A., F.P.C. (Lond.), the well-known scientist, for his exhibit of Overbeck's Rejuvenator at the International Exhibition of Inventions, 1929.
Inset, Mr. Overbeck at 70 years of age.

* * *

OVERBECK'S REJUVENATOR has now undergone the ordeal of trial in cases so varied as rheumatic and gouty affections; nervous troubles; weak heart; nose, ear and throat affections; general debility; chest troubles such as asthma, goitre and many others. In all, it has given such astonishing satisfaction that Mr. Overbeck has been inundated with letters of thanks and appreciation of the health benefits derived from his wonderful machine.

Miss Sybil St. Elmo, the well-known Vocalist. Aged fifty; still young.

The well-known vocalist, **Miss Sybil St. Elmo,** writes: "My friends are amazed at the change in my appearance and general condition. I had Rheumatoid Arthritis in both knees, also Mucous Colitis, but marvellous to relate, the relief and improvement have been most remarkable, and in the process I am entirely rejuvenated. I gave up my career as a vocalist sixteen years ago owing to constant throat trouble, but **I now have exactly the same voice I had twenty years ago,** and find myself in my fifty-first year with very little trace of age in my face or body, and a rosy outlook on life in general."

A **Doctor** writes: "It has been beneficial in a case of muscular atrophy of the legs after severe illness, and personally I have used it on my bald head, and am certainly gradually getting a good crop of hair, for which I am very thankful and pleased." M.D., M.B., C.M., F.R.C.S.

Extraordinary tributes come from golfers and others of the sporting fraternity.

Mr. Overbeck in his role of horticulturist at his country estate. A few years ago his heart was so weak he dare not stoop to tend his beloved plants. To-day, thanks to his Rejuvenator, an active life, both physical and intellectual, finds him literally untireable.

To O. OVERBECK, F.R.S.A.
8, Chantry House, Grimsby.

Please send me Free Book about Overbeck's Rejuvenator, containing plates illustrating self-treatment and testimony to its power. I enclose 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

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Mr. Overbeck has written a book about his Rejuvenator, replete with photo-reproductions illustrating the treatment and the instrument. Readers of "The Bystander" may obtain a copy free either by completing and forwarding the form above, or, if preferred by writing for it on their own notepaper, to O. Overbeck, F.R.S.A., etc., 8, Chantry House, Grimsby, mentioning "The Bystander," and enclosing 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

POLO IN 1930 *(continued from page 308)*

newcomers to first-class London polo he is easily the best. Moreover, he has the advantage of having played on the American grounds.

At the moment it is unwise to mention all the possibilities. The team has been selected, and my advice is to leave them alone for some time without criticism. It is fatally easy to be critical on paper, but it is generally of a non-constructive nature, as many of the facts are not within the knowledge of the writer. Such destructive criticism does no good, and may do a lot of harm by destroying confidence and innoculating the public with wrong ideas.

Form as shown at the beginning of a London season is almost invariably unreliable. Many good combinations have been broken up, far too hastily, simply because during May some individual has not been seen at his best. Some players take longer than others to acclimatise themselves to new conditions, but one of the most important reasons is that of fitness. Fitness must be one of the deciding factors when it comes to strenuous play, and each individual takes a longer or shorter time to become fit.

The strength of a chain lies in its weakest link, and until the team is fit as a whole it cannot be expected to show its value as a combination, and as a combination it must stand or fall. Very often the men may be fit, while the ponies are still soft, and it is nearly impossible to get ponies in real condition until the end of May. It is practically impossible to get them fit for fast polo on damp grounds, and owing to our unfortunate climate few grounds are really dry before the end of May or the beginning of June.

In this respect the Americans have an undoubted advantage, as they can rely on excellent grounds for the greater part of the year.

Taken all in all, unless some unexpected misfortune occurs, the English team is a strong one. Modifications may be found necessary as the season advances, but these can be dealt with when the time arrives, and no good can come by anticipating them.

The first International Test match at Beaufort ended as was expected. The ground was not at its best and the team opposing the English side was obviously weak.

"No. 1."

Sport and General

MAJOR E. G. ATKINSON

Spare man for the England polo team when they travel to America in order to try and bring back the Westchester Cup. He is seen at the Beaufort Polo Club at Norton, near Chippenham, where the team played in their first International Trial match

Some Important Fixtures

ROEHAMPTON

Sat., May 31.—Roehampton Open Challenge Cup Final.
Sat., June 21.—Lawson Cup Final.
Sat., July 12.—Shaw Cup Final.

HURLINGHAM

Mon., June 9.—International Trial Match. England v. The Rest.
Thurs., July 5.—India v. Gailburn (Australia).
Thurs., July 10.—Inter-University, Oxford v. Cambridge.

Central News

Lord Cowdray recently entertained a large house party at Cowdray Park. Some of the guests are seen above. They are Mr. O. Poole (left), the Hon. Richard Samuel, the Hon. John Pearson, Mr. John Lakin, and Mr. Robert Taylor

ENGLAND'S HOPES

Sport and General

The parade of the ponies before the first International Trial match played on the Beaufort Polo Club's ground at Norton, near Chippenham

Player's Bachelor Cigarettes

FINEST VIRGINIA
CORK TIPPED

Flat pocket boxes 10 for 6d
Flat pocket boxes 20 for 1/-
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Bachelors are different

BY DOROTHY M. MORGAN

AN EDITION DE LUXE

Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *Photograph* *By Underwood*

A TAILORED SILK ENSEMBLE FOR THE SUMMER

For Wimbledon—for the seaside—for the woman who is happiest in neatly tailored clothes—this Celes outfit in hyacinth blue and white is ideal. Delightfully cool-looking, it is cut on simple lines, and is made of heavy Macclesfield silk, the colours being unfadable. It comes from Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, and is accompanied by a hat of fine blue straw ornamented with a handsome crystal buckle

Ankle-length Frocks for Afternoon Functions

By OLIVE CALEY SMITH

A simple hat in navy blue pedal straw with insets and a bow of white pique. It comes from Robert Heath, and shows that brims are not allowed to conceal the brow

Short Sleeves and Shoulder Capes

BLUE—summer's own colour—has come into its own again, and will be seen in all its lovely nuances during the next few months. For the moment navy, royal, sapphire, and saxe hold sway, usually combined with touches of white or pale pink. Blue and red is also favoured, and turquoise blue is used very effectively with all-black frocks. But when the summer really comes little suits of sky blue shantung will make their debut, with organdie frocks in the same colour for garden party wear and slender coats enriched with platinum fox or ermine for formal functions. On such occasions skirts which clear the ankles by an inch or two are likely to predominate, for they are being made by all the leading couturiers and in transparent fabrics are very graceful. Completely bare arms are no longer permissible. Either the upper part is veiled by a cape or fichu, or short sleeves are added, generally narrow, and often cut in one with the shoulder yoke.

Printed Chiffon Resembles Net

ALTOGETHER the arm is coming in for a good deal of attention. Long gloves for the afternoon and evening are being accepted in Paris, and when wrist-length sleeves are worn they are elaborated in diverse ways. For instance, those on the dress sketched in the centre of this page are reminiscent of the leg of mutton period. Quite full at the top, they are cut at the elbow and gathered into the slender fore part, a pleated frill accenting this line, which is expressed by Ulick, of 12, New Burlington Street, in light tweeds as well as in gossamer fabrics. He uses a beautiful printed chiffon for this Ascot frock, the general effect being of black net with delicate fern leaves silhouetted in white across its entire surface. The softly draped bodice balances the full godet skirt, and the little circular cape, crossed in front, with its two ends hanging down the back, is edged with a narrow frill. One word must be said about the jewellery designed by Ulick to accompany this ensemble. It is of black and white prystal—a necklace of long black tubes interspersed with white beads and centred with boldly carved ones; a matching bracelet, and a very large ring, white, with an oblong black panel across the front.

Printed chiffon which resembles black net, silhouetted with white fern leaves, is used for this beautiful Ascot dress. The full godet skirt terminates an inch or two above the ankles, and the becoming shoulder cape is edged with a narrow frill

The newest version of the brimless cap. Sponsored by Robert Heath, it is made of baku, and is swathed with horsehair crinoline lace pulled out at each side to give it breadth

Hats Do Not Conceal the Brow

HATS are extraordinarily interesting this season, for they display a degree of individuality which has been sadly lacking during the past months. There are many really large ones, some of them trimmed with flowers *and* ribbons, but in practically every case the brim is lifted across the brow so that, even though the eyes are shadowed, the forehead is shown. Rivalling these are intricately contrived turbans and caps in exotic straws, with folds pulled out at the sides to give them breadth and backs cut up to a point on the nape of the neck in a way which lends them a very finished air. Two charming models are illustrated at the head of this page. They come from Robert Heath, of Knightsbridge, whose new salons, in which the loveliest day and evening ensembles are shown, are exciting great interest. The hat on the left is of navy pedal straw, an inset of white piqué being tucked into the pleat which sweeps across the front of the brim and crown, on which is poised a bow of this snowy fabric. On the right is a baku cap with a brim of horsehair crinoline lace softly arranged to harmonise perfectly with the lines of the prevailing silhouette.

Tailored Suits for Present Wear

FOR the Spring nothing can be more lastingly useful and definitely correct than a tailored suit or coat. This year Fashion regards them with particular favour, and consequently the most experienced workmen are concentrating all their artistry and skill on the cutting and making of such clothes. To demonstrate the attractiveness of the new designs, Burberry's, of Haymarket, are holding a series of mannequin parades from 11.30 till 1 p.m. and from 2.30 till 5 p.m. each day, commencing Monday, May 5, and concluding on Friday, May 9. The models shown will include Burberry's latest creations in costumes, two-pieces, sports suits, overcoats, travel coats, and weatherproofs for town and country wear, and a special invitation is extended to every reader of this paper.

Sasha

MISS EILEEN IDARE.

A recent portrait of this charming and talented designer whose beautiful dresses have delighted the eyes of theatre-goers for many years. She is in private life Mrs. George Mitchell and she and her husband have just reconstructed a most delightful house in Culross Street—'Grosvenor Cottage'—and will shortly be taking possession. She is seen here in one of her latest creations in 'Celanese' Crepe Satin.

Fox Photos

The new Amphibian, built for the Hon. A. E. Guinness, being taken out for a trial flight at Cowes. It carries six passengers and a crew of three

chair in the absence of the Duke of Sutherland, the President of the League, who is in India. The Hon. Lady Bailey is receiving the guests, amongst whom are included most of the well-known people in aviation, both Service and civil. It will surprise many people to learn that the League was founded to encourage aviation as a new arm of National Defence as long ago as 1909, only six years after man's first flight in a power-driven machine. It is realised to-day that the training of civil pilots, the export of aircraft and the establishment of air trade routes are equally important for purposes of defence as a strong Air Force, and the Air League supports civil aviation

L.N.A.

SIR HORACE PLUNKETT

Whose length of years is no deterrent to his enjoyment of flying, about to make the first flight at the new Brooklands Aero Club. He inaugurated this new club, which has been formed primarily to provide facilities for less expensive solo flying

COST OF FLYING REDUCED! By CAPT. C. E. WARD

ONLY a telegram could do justice to news of this kind. For the past three years the prices of light aircraft have tended to rise rather than fall, but we have at last come to the same turning point as that experienced in the American car industry when prices fell and motoring become relatively cheap and popular, only in this case it is a British firm which leads the way. The new price of the Standard wooden type Gipsy Moth is £595, and that of the Special model £675, with a Gipsy I engine, and £750 with a Gipsy II. Reductions of £25 to £70 have been made on the seaplanes. Fly-away prices are less than those "packed for export," so that it pays to learn to fly before taking delivery. The difference between the Standard and Special models is mainly that the latter has a metal fuselage and the colour scheme is optional, there being also a much larger range of optional equipment. Standardisation and mass production on the part of De Havillands have brought about this very satisfactory state of affairs, where the light aeroplane is now cheaper to buy than the medium-priced car. Having assisted to operate one of the latter for the past six months at something like 6d. a mile, I can testify that the Moth for an equivalent mileage is also cheaper to maintain and fly. The Puss Moth, a saloon for two and occasionally three, is available for early deliveries at £1,000. It has folding wings, air brakes, a perfect view in all directions, and a top speed of 128 miles an hour.

Darned Clever, Those Chinese!

IN his book "Parachutes for Airmen," Mr. Charles Dixon deals with a fascinating subject about which little is known outside Service circles even to-day, although the Chinese made experiments at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Contrary to popular belief, parachuting is a tolerable and may even be a pleasant experience. Before the parachute is opened the human body cannot fall faster than 250 miles an hour, and at this speed there is no question that the normal individual will lose consciousness. Nevertheless, it all sounds rather terrifying in cold blood. Most of us would jump with a parachute to save our lives, but there are drawbacks to its general use for large passenger machines, due to the difficulty of getting twenty or thirty people through one door in a short space of time. The modern parachute has been developed principally in America, the standard Irvin type as used by the Royal Air Force being an American invention. Experiments are being conducted in the States for bringing down a complete aeroplane by means of a giant parachute packed on the top plane or body, and if these are successful, a further safety device of the greatest value will be available for all flying machines.

A Twenty-first Birthday

THE Air League of the British Empire comes of age to-day, and the occasion is being celebrated by a dinner and dance at the May Fair Hotel. Sir Alan Anderson takes the side by side with the development of the R.A.F.

To Meet the Duchess

IT is hoped that the Duchess of Bedford and her pilots will be present to-night, so that an early opportunity can be taken of congratulating them, Captain Barnard particularly, on their remarkable flight to the Cape and back. Nearly 18,000 miles in approximately seventeen flying days is no mean feat, involving as it did "hops" of more than 1,000 miles a day, the route extending across the world from 50° North to 35° South of the Equator. Owing to an error in last week's issue, our photograph of the Duchess's machine, The Spider was called a Moth, whereas it should be, of course, a Fokker, fitted with the famous Bristol Jupiter engine, developing 500 horsepower. The Spider started life under an ordinary registration mark as an air liner, and also took part in an unsuccessful Atlantic flight prior to carrying the Duchess to India and back in a week. This latter, like the present flight, was carried out under the guidance of Captain Barnard and Mr. Little.

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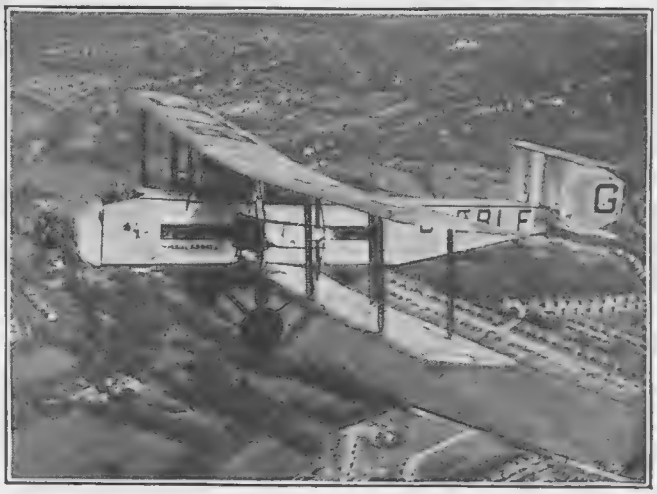

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C.F.H.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

PROSE—AND AMATEURS

By Ralph Straus

Raphael

MISS STORM JAMESON

The popular novelist, who has published her fifth book, "The Voyage Home" (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.). In private life she is Mrs. Guy Chapman, and comes of an old Yorkshire family members of which have lived in Whitby since the year 1600

ONLY the other day I heard a publisher declare that unless a volume of Memoirs were "packed full of scandals," or at the least "sufficiently indiscreet," it could not hope for anything like a big popular success. Not even, he added, if the author happened to be "really important." Now it is quite true that nine out of every ten of the Memoirs which find their way into print to-day are forgotten almost as soon as they are read. It is also true that a little plain speaking about matters which have previously been "hushed up" can be exceedingly jolly. But it is the utterest nonsense to say that a volume of reminiscences need be scandalous or indiscreet, or, indeed, anything like it, if it is to be successful. I have just read a book of this kind which contains not the thinnest ghost of a scandal and makes no "sensational" accusations against anybody. And it is one of the most absorbingly interesting books I have read for years.

R.D.B.'s Diary (Heinemann: 8s. 6d.) is the work of Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld, who is the editor of the *Daily Express*; and that fact alone does much to explain, for your successful journalist is a man who, in addition to being able to write, can pick out the right things to write about. Mr. Blumenfeld was born in America, but found this country so much to his liking that in the 'nineties he decided to stay here. Naturally in the course of his "Fleet Street" career he met all the world and learnt what it was doing; but that may happen to many. But he also maintained a daily diary, no matter at what hour he returned home; and if we are to judge by the delectable extracts here given it was the diary that everybody at all interested in the world about him has at one time or another intended, and perhaps tried, and almost certainly failed, to keep.

MISS MARGUERITE STEEN

Author of the "Reluctant Madonna," seen in picturesque surroundings at a delightful old cottage once owned by the actor, William Terriss Miss Steen lives in the Lake District, and is a great lover of animals

IT begins in the year of the first Jubilee, and it ends (so far as the book is concerned) at the declaration of war on Germany. Comparatively recent days, you see; and yet in its pages you are introduced to a world almost as strange as that world of the future upon which Lord Birkenhead has so recently been expending his ingenuity. And the little things (like the prices you paid for clothing and food) make as piquant reading as do the tit-bits of political and social history.

TAKE, for instance, the year 1900. Only thirty years ago, but it might be a hundred. If you venture into the City except in tall hat and frock coat you must not expect anything but the coldest reception. Yet little changes—of course, for the worse, are creeping in, particularly on the roads. Here is Lord Carnarvon "becoming a public nuisance as a motor scorcher." Actually, the madman has dared to whizz along the King's highway at twenty-four miles an hour! And an actress at the Criterion Theatre is so lost to all ideas of decency that she appears behind the footlights in *white* stockings! Women, of course, will wear *black* stockings till the end of time, and as for the short skirts which some lunatic has suggested, how can *any* woman ever agree to "expose her legs"?

THESE, perhaps, are the "small" things; but there are big things as well. Casually one day this same year Alfred Harmsworth comes into the diarist's room and says in effect: "Oh, would you mind going round to *The Times* and seeing if you could buy it for me? I've got a million to spare." Why don't such things happen to you or me?

THIS, however, is only one year out of many, each of which has its curiosities and excitements. A little later "young Max Aitken from Canada" is strolling into the picture, and if the diarist does not foretell an Empire crusade, at least he knows that "young Max Aitken" is going to do something big. Moreover, he is interested in the most diverse sides of life—not excluding crime. He records the death of Billington, the hangman: he also records Billington's belief that Jack the Ripper was none other than Dr. Neill Cream, who on the scaffold said—but what he said you may read for yourself.

A HUNDRED other celebrities also make their appearance. A dreadful Socialist—obviously a soured and embittered old man—bombards the diarist with long and abusive letters. He is invited to call, and the visitor is the youthful St. John Ervine.

RUNNING REPAIRS

BY all means choose your perfume to express your personality—but where will you find one equally apt to the open road and the dance floor? The great occasion demands of a girl her special 'party' perfume; but for every day the Best People use the Yardley Lavender, that best-loved of all perfumes.

LAVENDER

The Lovable Fragrance

by YARDLEY

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Since 1770

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page vi)

A soldier who has made a name for himself is for all that badly in need of a job. Ultimately it is obtained for him. The soldier's name is Kitchener. At the Waldorf Hotel three women are seen "calmly smoking cigarettes and drinking cocktails without men to accompany them." Obviously the most advanced type of Suffragette. And so the diary continues, all too shortly, until the Irish troubles begin, and Carson raises his army. The Irish troubles continue. Nothing else matters: it *cannot* matter. And the date is July, 1914!

AN engaging book, then, which calls loudly for more than one sequel. Mr. Blumenfeld admits that he kept up his diary until 1922. He also admits that he has omitted certain passages which belong to the period here covered, and this because "some people have prejudices about being quoted in print." But I cannot believe that anybody would object to being quoted by R. D. B., who is as incapable of saying the wrong thing as he is of writing a dull sentence.

THEY tell me that there is a small fortune to be made by a man or woman who will write the "really big novel" about golf—or cricket or football, or any other of our national pastimes. I dare say they are right. But, if you have genius enough, surely you would be able to thrill expectant millions with a "really big novel" about croquet or draughts, or even the much-despised and now, I suppose, defunct halma? At the same time it is well to remember that mere prowess at any particular game does not necessarily transform you into a literary genius, or even into a competent story-teller.

WHICH brings me to William T. Tilden II. Mr. Tilden has done many things in his time besides hitting a ball very hard over a net. He is a journalist who is also an actor. I have heard him called an unofficial ambassador. And now he has written a novel in what I presume is the American language. It is called *Glory's Net* (Methuen: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and it is all about David Cooper, a young "soda-clerk" from the Middle West, who, after becoming a National Champion, is engaged by a big business man to sell bonds, and marries a most respectable Mary. He knows nothing about selling bonds, but that does not matter: he is the Champion, and that is enough for big business.

UNFORTUNATELY for David, his employer has a daughter who is "beautiful in a rather subtly sensual way, full of a peculiar veiled physical allure, made potent by her indolent, languorous movements and the slightly bored air of hauteur which cloaked even her wildest moments." And this vampish lady leads David into the most dreadful temptations—cocktails and fine clothes and the highest society. Poor Mary is pained and distressed, and I don't wonder at it.

DAVID continues to beat all the other champions (except Lacoste in France, when "he shudders to his core"), and his salary as a bond-seller is increased; but, alas and alack! the day comes when Mary is goaded into calling him the vilest names—nothing less than a tennis gigolo—and leaves him. And what then? David, like the true champion he is, becomes tired of the languorous lady, frees himself from his bonds, and rushes home to his wife and small brother, there to be introduced to a baby David who will presumably be a bond-selling champion twenty years hence.

WELL, it seems that your champions are highly privileged folk. They can not only sell bonds on their name: they can get publishers to print their novels. It is even possible that they will find people to read them. From which it may be inferred that *Glory's Net* is not quite a masterpiece. Yet is it so much worse than hundreds of the novels which steal into print these days? No; just a little more flowery than most; although I am bound to add that if Mr. Tilden had not been its author—but you will understand what I mean.

MEET Mr. Disher. A year or two ago I believe I proffered that same piece of advice. If I did, I say now: "Meet Mr. Disher again." The reason is simple. Mr. Disher is one of the most amusingly cocksure and unbelievably successful detectives now in (fictional) practice. You may read of his latest adventures in Mr. Will Scott's new book, *The Man* (Stanley Paul: 7*s.* 6*d.*), which is a murder mystery most cunningly compounded of thrills and puzzles and droll conversation. I enjoyed every word of it.

R. S.

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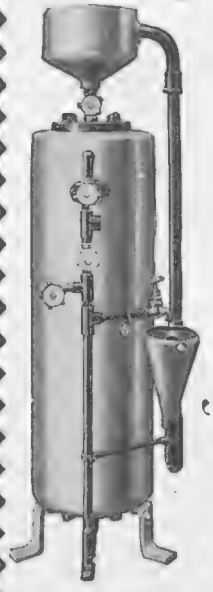

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—AND ON LAND—

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MODELS AND PRICES:

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The unusual processes of craftsmanship used in fashioning this superb motor car may be described. The jealous care of the Ford organisation in creating the Lincoln and the unique limits of precision to which it is advanced may be stated. But the results of this painstaking care must be experienced in order to be understood.

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THE LINCOLN

MOTOR NOTES

FOOL-PROOF WALKING? — By E. M. Wright

THESE are the days of the fool-proof when everything, from road regulations to rim-removing tools, is designed for the lowest possible intelligence. The motorist has brakes that will pull up in little more than the car's length without skidding, tyres and road surfaces that play their part towards the same end, head lights that dip themselves at the touch of a switch, horn rings that lie at one's very finger tips, so that the mere wish is almost sufficient to sound the alarm for the benefit of all and sundry. In other words, everything is done to make the car fool-proof in emergency, and so to protect other road users—especially the pedestrian. What of the latter? Is anything being done to make *his* actions fool-proof?

***

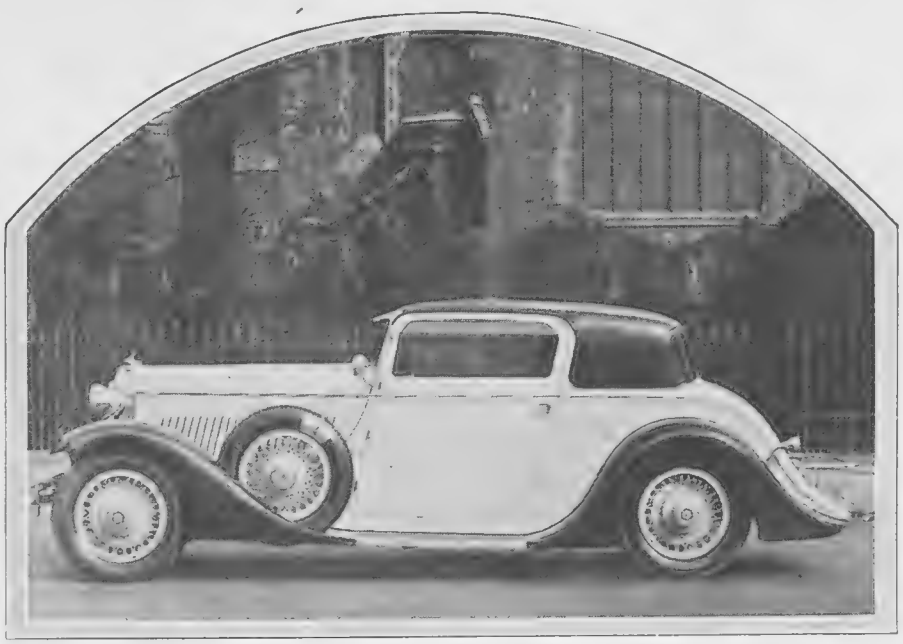
IT is true that a great deal of educative work has been put in to this end. In the course of it thousands of pedestrians—and motorists too—have gone to a better world where horns are laid aside for harps and the roads are paved with gold; and many more have seen the inside of a hospital, and perhaps interviewed a newspaper insurance clerk. Thus it comes that a generation has arisen which has learnt to look both ways. But in all seriousness, is this enough to cope with the dangers of our roads and streets? Emphatically no. So long as the pedestrian is encouraged to think only of his privileges and reck nothing of his responsibilities the community as a whole will get no farther towards the ideal of fool-proof streets.

***

ALREADY in some countries they have restricted crossing places, and a fine is imposed on the spot on anyone who transgresses the regulations. I have seen it lately suggested that a breast-high wall should be constructed between the pavement and the street, and that the latter should be treated exactly like a railway track. This is what we shall have to come to, for is it not ridiculous that, while railway trains that are few and far between and are carefully signalled in advance and travel at a consistent speed should have their track kept absolutely clear, road vehicles should have to follow a track that may at any moment be invaded by a pedestrian without the slightest warning?

***

I WILL not presume to answer this question. It is one that must be left to the public conscience. But it seems to me that that conscience is undergoing a change, and that walking will yet be made fool-proof; for whereas formerly all the talk was of the privileges of pedestrians and there was no idea of his having responsibilities, now there is general agreement that he has some of each. A time will yet come, I predict, when the nation will decide that walkers have no place on the road at all, just as road vehicles now have no right on the pavement, that on the road the pedestrian will have no privileges and all responsibilities.



An example of one of the many new and striking designs of advanced coachwork that are exclusive to Warwick Wright, Ltd. Above is seen a six-cylinder Black Hawk chassis by Stutz, and, despite its compact appearance, this two-door saloon provides ample accommodation for four people

Latest Austin 16

REFINEMENT is the keynote of the performance of the latest Austin 16 six-cylinder of which I had a trial recently. Going through the notes I made, in connection with almost every feature I had to record that the silence was noticeable—if the term can be correctly applied to silence. For instance, from the engine no noise of any kind could be heard. The gears I noted were easy to change and very quiet, the springing was good and silent—which is not always the case, by any means, even in this year of grace, and the first note made in connection with the bodywork is that it was very quiet. The Austin 16 was not produced to give a Bentley performance, and, since that is the case, it must sell chiefly on its appeal to those who want to motor in the maximum of comfort and dignity.

***

THE engine revealed a certain amount of tremor at low speeds, but had an excellent pick-up, which I tested very severely. Steering is light, especially at full lock, but best of all is the comfort of the bodywork. The seats are high, but extremely well designed for real ease, and the view from the driver's seat is excellent. Though the front seats are separate

Further proof that British cars are made to last, not for only one season but for many years, is shown by this 1910 model Austin. Its owner, of King William's Town, South Africa, reports that the car has never let him down, that it still ticks over silently, and that the gears, after twenty years' service, show no sign of wear!

semi-bucket seats, independently adjustable, the seat cushion and back squab are not constricted, as is so often the case; they are generous in size. There is an excellent sliding roof and a truly enormous cubby hole for parcels, gloves, maps, cameras, etc. Door pockets, a parcel net, excellent interior lights and silk blinds complete a very generous equipment which makes this car excellent value at its price of £375 for the Burnham five-seater saloon.

Aldershot Tattoo

THOSE who propose motoring to the Aldershot Tattoo, which takes place during the third week in June, should apply as soon as possible for berths in the official car parks. To avoid confusion when leaving the Tattoo, four official routes have been drawn up, and motorists should, therefore, state the route they intend to go home by when applying for parking space. These are as follows:—Route A: Red—Farnborough, Bagshot, London. Route B: Blue—Aldershot, Guildford, London. Route C: Green—Farnham, Odiham, South of England. Route D: Yellow—Fleet, Wokingham, Reading, South-west and West of England.

The colours allotted to these routes correspond to the various car parking discs, which should be displayed prominently on the vehicle to ensure that it reaches the correct car park, so as to permit of it getting away as quickly as possible after the Tattoo. The charges for a car berth vary from 2s. 6d. to 12s. 6d., and applications and inquiries should be addressed to the R.A.C., Pall Mall, S.W.1, who are in charge of the parking arrangements.

SIR WILLIAM MORRIS

Standing by one of the new Wolseley "Hornet" models which are his latest production. It is priced at £175 and is a six-cylinder two-door saloon

"Meteors" of Land and Air

MANY examples of the new Rover "Meteor," which was introduced a few weeks ago, are now in the hands of the public, and enthusiastic reports of them are being constantly received. The "Meteor," it will be remembered, is a "full-sized" British car with a 20 h.p. six-cylinder engine. It has been manufactured as a direct challenge to high-class American cars, and its price is such that it is highly competitive with them in both the home and overseas markets. One of the most recent purchasers of the new Rover is Flight-Lieutenant H. Carmichael Irwin, R.A.F., the commander of the famous R101 airship.

This is Flight-Lieutenant Irwin's second Rover, his former car being a two-litre model, and he may now be said to be in charge of meteors of both land and air. Rovers would appear to be very popular amongst airship experts, for there are nearly a dozen in use by the staff at Cardington. Another famous Rover enthusiast is Captain Barnard, the famous airman. E. M. W.

Reductions in Hillman Prices

GREAT reductions have been made in the prices of all the Hillman cars, and now the Fourteen models range from £275 to £378, as opposed to the old figures of £310 to £415. The Straight Eight models have been similarly reduced, and now range between £395 for a Tourer to £475 for a Drophead Coupé, an average reduction of about £38.

SINGER

fit TripleX on the following models:

SUPER 6 SPORTSMAN'S COUPE.
SUPER 6-CYL. SALOON.
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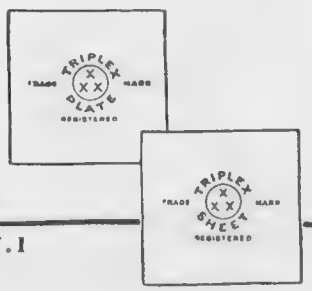

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SOUTH of IRELAND

CALLS YOU

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Tourist or holiday-maker visiting the lovely South, whether mountaineer, angler, antiquarian, or just a lover of the picturesque, will be charmed with the wealth of material for enjoyment and the homely friendship of the inhabitants. Comfortable and well-equipped hotels are to be found at all the principal resorts.

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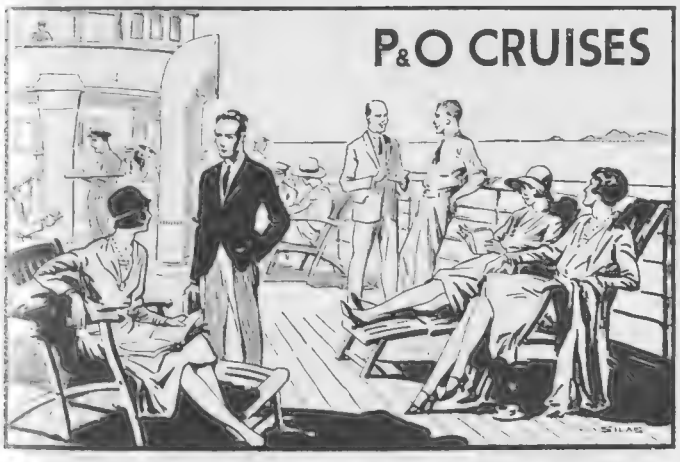

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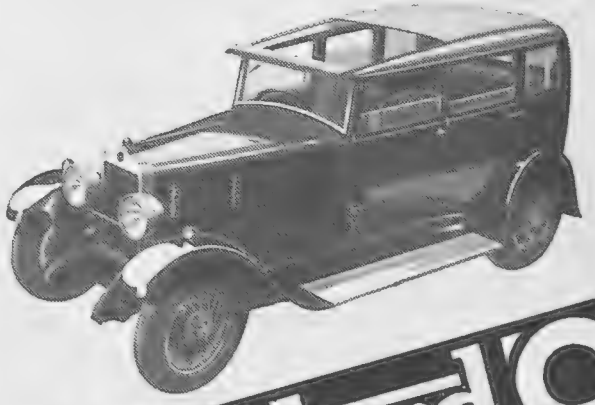
P & O CRUISES

Lamson

AN OLD FRIEND LONG BEFORE IT IS AN OLD CAR

The beauty of friendship as compared with relationship lies in the fact that whereas your relations are made for you, you can choose your own friends.

That is one reason why you should choose a "Standard" as your next car—you'll never make a better friend. There's no doubt about it—this is a "Standard" year! Immediately they were introduced—the famous "Nine" and the 2-Litre 6-Cylinder—each model was accepted by the public as easily the best in its class, and the old adage that "Nothing succeeds like success" is certainly proving true where the "Standard" is concerned!



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SHOOTING NOTES

TAKING UP HEDGEROW-PHEASANT EGGS

By "Clodhopper"

ALTHOUGH the cold, wet, and in some districts, snowy, weather which obtained during the greater part of April, has not been conducive to free laying among game birds, the keepers are now busy taking up pheasant eggs from the outlying nests of wild pheasants, and also, of course, in the pens. Partridges, too, are very actively engaged in the earlier phases of their parental duties, while, ten days ago, I came across a grouse nest containing four eggs when trout fishing in the vicinity of Ganllwyd, Merioneth.

Incidentally, I was told, upon reliable authority, that black game are increasing in numbers on the moors in the Dolgelley district. It was not, however, my pleasure to observe any of these handsome, and essentially British, game birds during my recent visit to this part of mid-Wales, though I made a careful search for their habitat. But I was unaccompanied by a gamekeeper or a native cicerone of any kind.

AT this period of the nidification season the dole-drawing species of poaching vermin are very much on the prowl for game eggs, with the ever-ready and plausible excuse of gathering a few primroses and violets for the local hospital, or for "a sick wife and a quiverful of starving children." It therefore behoves wise and careful game preservers to instruct their keepers to take up such clutches of pheasant eggs as are laid in the hedgerows bordering upon high roads, bridle paths, and rights of way exploited by Messrs. MacDonald, Snowden and Co.'s subsidised, "soft albeit soiled"-'anded, wouldn't-if-I-could do an honest day's work pets" (I am not hitting out at the deserving and unfortunate recipients of the dole, who have my sincerest sympathy, but at the able-bodied, slouching rascals who would rather rob their own mother, or a hen roost, then perform a job of work); juvenile bird-nesters, and other bipeds and quadrupeds of egg-stealing propensities and epicurean tastes.

ON shootings adjoining unpreserved lands it is, generally speaking, advisable to gather wild pheasant eggs in the boundary fences and in any hedgerows lying at a distance from the nearest coverts. The eggs of wild pheasants invariably yield better and hardier broods than those of penned birds, besides which, where foxes are plentiful—as appears likely to be the case in most hunting countries this season, judging by the overplus of healthy foxes left by hounds to carry on the "good work"—great toll is often taken of outlying pheasants by the vulpine race.

IT is, however, a mistake to take up the whole of a full clutch of either wild or penned pheasant eggs. Leave at least one in the nest, or the parent bird is very apt to wander, lay, and probably hatch a second lot elsewhere. On small shoots, where every individual egg is regarded as prizable, a substitute in the shape of a bantam's or a dummy egg should be deposited in the nest. The latter may be purchased from your gunmaker.

M. TOULEMONDE

Who won the Grand Prix de Paques during the recent pigeon shooting held at Deauville

IF, on the other hand, your boundaries abut on those of a brother-sportsman who preserves his game and does not poach yours or descend to the unneighbourly practice of enticing your birds by feeding along his side of the boundaries, it occurs to one as being hardly "good cricket" to take up eggs from such outsiders. The better and more satisfactory plan is to enter into a friendly agreement with your neighbour that no nests lying contiguous to, and on either side of, the boundary fences are to be disturbed. When one has to deal with a shooting syndicate run on purely commercial lines an amicable arrangement of this kind is usually impossible to make. In such case gather every single egg you can find on your boundary. If you don't, the "sports next door" may, perchance, save you the trouble of doing so. Anyhow, you will have to be up and doing devilish early on October 1 if you purpose bagging a brace of your own hedgerow pheasants.

IN the event of there being a covert on the outsides of your shooting, you would be well advised in not taking up eggs from the neighbouring hedgerows, provided the nesting sites do not lie within dangerously close proximity of a public footpath or highway. In the usual course of things outlying pheasants will resort to coverts thus situated to feed before covert shooting opens, and in the interest of sport it is good that the head of hand-reared—and not infrequently somewhat tame—birds should be augmented by as many strong-flying wild ones as possible.

ON some estates it is customary to search systematically for and gather every wild pheasant's egg discoverable. This, in my opinion, at any rate, is a mistake, especially on small shoots, where a few brace of hedgerow pheasants make a very welcome addition to a mixed bag.

OWNERS and tenants of covert-shootings who have not yet placed their orders for pheasant eggs or stock birds would be well advised in doing so without delay. Last season proved so remarkably successful both from a rearing and shooting aspect that the hand-rearing of pheasants will, one imagines, be practised on even a more extensive scale than usual. In any case, I happen to know that game farmers in Yorkshire, Buckinghamshire, and the South of England are experiencing a very busy time, while there is quite a big demand for wild duck eggs also. In regard to the latter, I strongly advocate pure wild mallard strain.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

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TO obtain the best possible results from rook shooting a considerable number of rounds should be fired by way of practice in the standing position that is imposed by this work. If ammunition supplies are scanty an air rifle can be used for cultivating the statuesque pose necessary. Only by perseverance can the wobbling foresight be made still. On the actual scene of operations new troubles arise: the neck resents a constant S-shaped twist and the eyes may flood with tears. As leaves become dense the discovery of marks can be made easy with the help of keen-eyed urchins, who are usually available in embarrassing number. The great thing to remember is that the nestlings do not come out all at once, also that those which have reached the necessary stage are found in greatest number in the late afternoon of quiet sunny days. If rook shooting is an honoured function, well and good, but don't omit the later visits, which may be continued till the survivors have become strong on wing and alert to danger. Very often birds that are invisible from below are to be clearly seen by standing back. These offer truly difficult marks, but with an accurately sighted rifle the skill one develops is wonderful. The exponent of the shot gun can do useful service with the flyers.

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DOGS

BIG THINGS COMING

By "The Kennelman"

THERE will be special obedience test competitions at the Alsatian League's Show and Demonstration at Redhill to-day, Wednesday. To-morrow, Thursday, admirers of that beloved national fraud: the Bulldog—the dear chap's a fraud because, while one of the most sentimentally amiable of God's creatures, he maintains, and even manages to increase, the truculent ferocity of his expression—will forgather at the Drill Hall, Handel Street, Bloomsbury, for the Bulldog Club's Championship Show. And next week, be it remembered, Olympia will be the Mecca for all doggy folk: all Terriers on Tuesday, and on Wednesday and Thursday the great annual Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association, for all breeds; one of the major functions of the year.

IN point of interest, Mr E. C. Ash's famous work: "Dogs, Their History and Development," was very much a book for every student of canine matters. But the two monumental volumes cost five guineas, and were hardly likely to reach the more modest type of kennel shelves. It is good, therefore, to know that Mr. Ash is now publishing a new work: "The Practical Dog Book," illustrated, which, whilst extremely comprehensive in scope, and contributed to by many leading authorities, will cost no more than 5s. Mr. Ash's address is Ramsden Heath, Billericay, Essex.

Sport and General

Colonel J. Birkbeck's prize-winning Irish Water Spaniel, Don of Lakelands. This somewhat rare breed does excellent work with the guns

THE Russian singer, Grigori Makoroff, appears to have paid a lucky visit to the Caledonian Market, for he is credited with having picked up there for five shillings a Fox Terrier bitch who can do everything but talk. Ordinary fetching and carrying is nothing to her, and, if not given to talking, Chelsea affirms she can and will sing almost any note her master cares to strike for her, to say nothing of taking his watch from his pocket to remind him of such vital engagements as biscuit time.

IN England, Royalties and chief of the State in every field have for centuries been keen adherents of the doggy cult; but it's interesting to note that in Germany the President, F.M. von Hindenburg, is among the givers of special prizes at the forthcoming annual Show of Germany's Kennel Club at Nurnberg, fixed for the last week of this month.

THE Duke of Portland and the Council of *The Field* Distemper Research Fund have authorised the issue of a further report on the results of the scientific investigations of the past two years at Mill Hill. There is now no doubt that the Fund's main object has been achieved. An effective vaccine for the prevention of Distemper has certainly been evolved. Remains now the difficult, important job of placing it on the market in more or less foolproof form. When that is accomplished a very great boon will have been conferred upon Dogdom; one comparable with what Pasteur did for bipeds.

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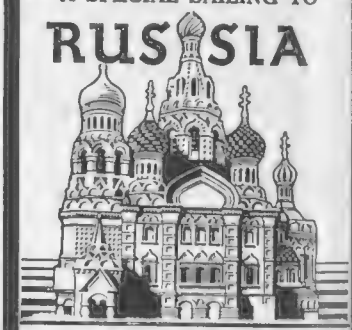
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au Gratin.

Olives de Veau.
Pommes Sautés.

Corbeilles à la Crème.

Café.

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Saucisson de Bologne are thin slices of Bologna sausage garnished with small salad.

Soles à la Salsifis au Gratin

Divide some fillets of sole into strips of equal size and brush them over on one side with warm butter. Have ready some well-cooked salsify which has been cut up (the thick part only) into pieces of about two inches in length. Wrap each piece of fish neatly round a piece of the salsify and place them in a buttered gratin dish. Pour a little warm butter over the fish and put the dish into a well-heated oven for six minutes. Then remove the dish and pour in sufficient thick white sauce (delicately flavoured with Parmesan cheese) to cover the fish. Scatter a light coating of fine crumbs over the top and replace the dish in the oven for fifteen minutes, or rather less if the crumbs become brown before the end of the time.

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Olives de Veau

Cut 1 lb. of veal cutlet into moderately thin slices, as nearly the same size as possible; flatten them out with a wetted knife and spread each with a layer of forcemeat. Then roll them up and secure them with string; flour the olives and fry them in clarified dripping until they are brown, turning them frequently with a fork to prevent them from being unevenly coloured. Make some thick brown sauce, season it well, and stew the little rolls in it for two hours in a moderate oven. When ready, remove the strings from the olives and dish them up neatly, and put a garnish of French beans in the centre. For the forcemeat mix 3 oz. of freshly-made white breadcrumbs with a large tablespoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of dried herbs which have been reduced to powder, half a dessertspoonful of minced onion, a little grated lemon peel, and 1 oz. of very finely chopped fat bacon; season with salt, pepper, and a pinch of nutmeg, and moisten the ingredients with sufficient beaten egg to make a fairly soft paste.

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Turn eight macaroons upside down, and with a teaspoon scrape out the inside. Fill the basket with whipped cream; put a cherry in the middle, an almond sticking up each side, and form a handle with a thin strip of angelica.

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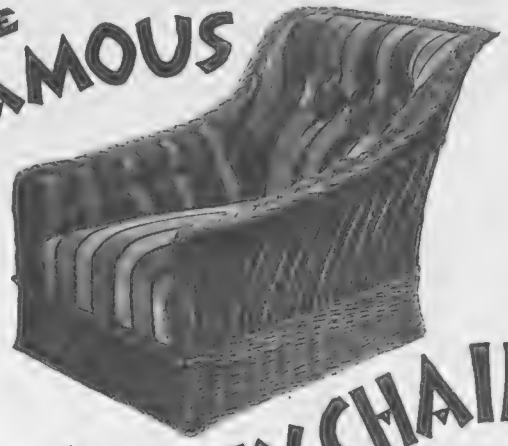

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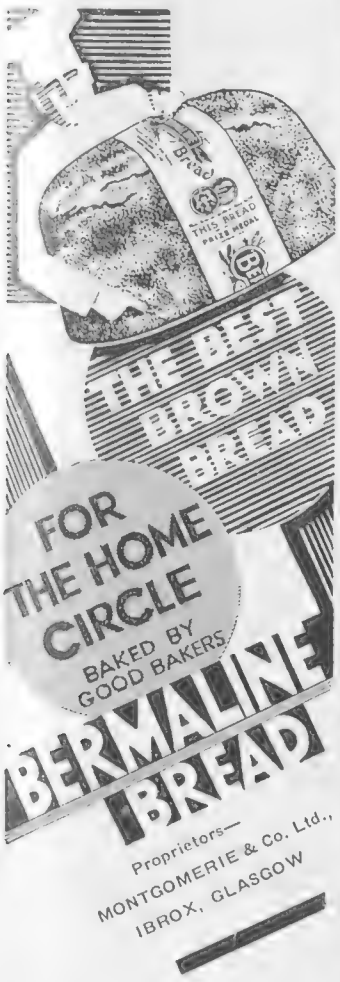

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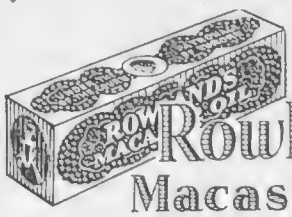

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Italian Spas

The spas of Italy are very numerous today, from the largest and most celebrated watering-places to the most unpretentious centres frequented chiefly by local patients. They are scattered throughout the country; in the Alps, near the Dolomites, along the Apennines, amongst the olive groves of Tuscany, amidst the hills of Monferrato, and along the valleys of Lombardy. Wherever one may choose to go the scenery is beautiful and the climate perfect.

Italy Illustrated

The Italian Travel Bureau in London has published a handsomely illustrated booklet on the Italian Art Exhibition in London. It also has available the hand-book of the holiday courses for 1930 organised by the Italian Inter-University Institute, and lists of hotels in all parts of Italy, with details of their terms. Further particulars may be had on application to the Italian Travel Bureau, 16, Waterloo Place, Regent Street, London.

Montecatini

The development of this health resort would certainly never have become so extended but for the highly modern trend which has existed for barely twenty years The well-studied development programme has had the happiest results within this latter period, thanks to the co-operation of many minds, all directed towards the expansion of Montecatini, and to its artistic appearance. A great number of persons flock every year to Montecatini for its beneficial cure, not only from every part of Italy, but also from other countries, even from the farthest parts of the globe; an evident proof that the fame of these waters is definitely established.

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Situated on the River Carron, near Falkirk, the celebrated Carron Company, general founders and engineers, have their premises. The blast-furnaces look on to water, and before their very chimneys Nature can be found in the form of swans and wild duck. These are fed and looked after by the company, and they give the foundries and workshops an almost rural setting. This homely example could well be imitated.

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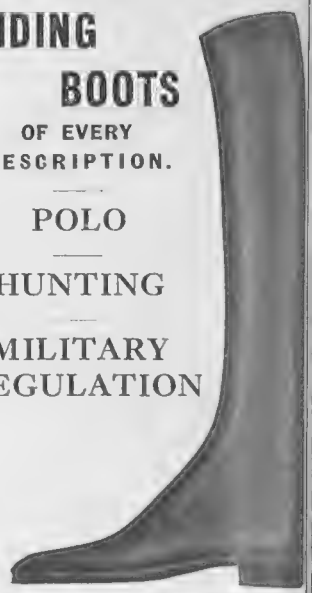

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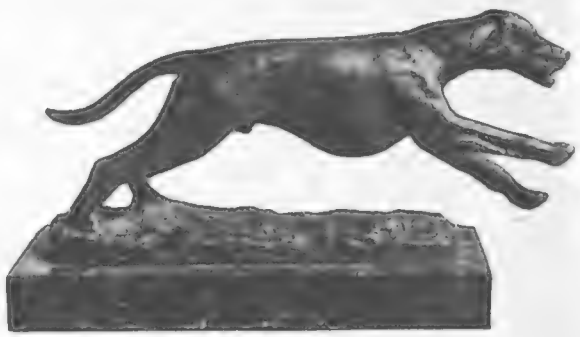

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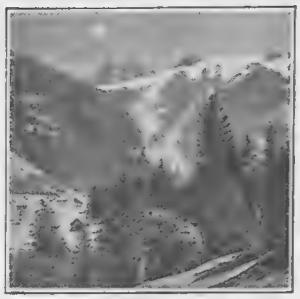

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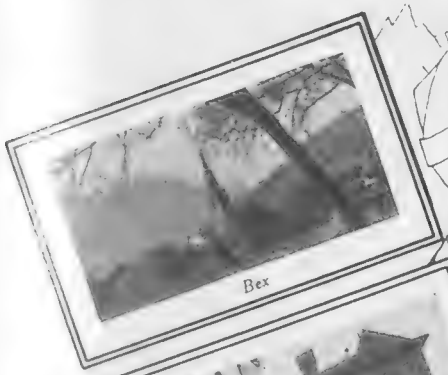

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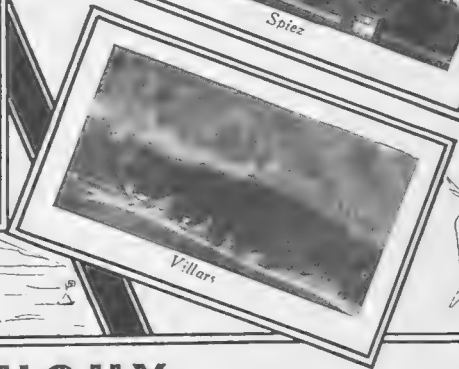

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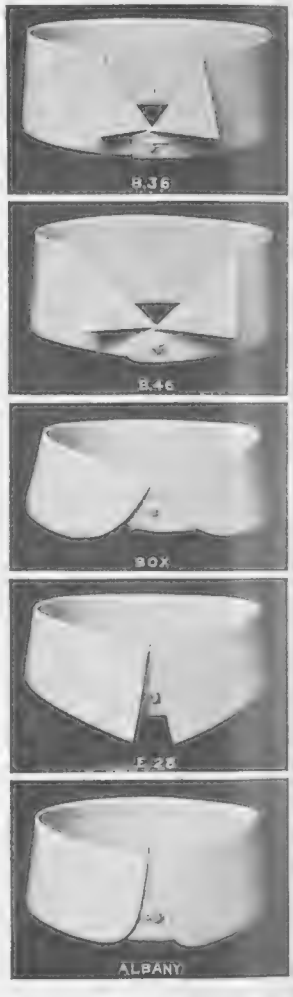

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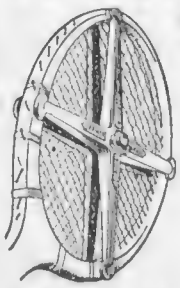

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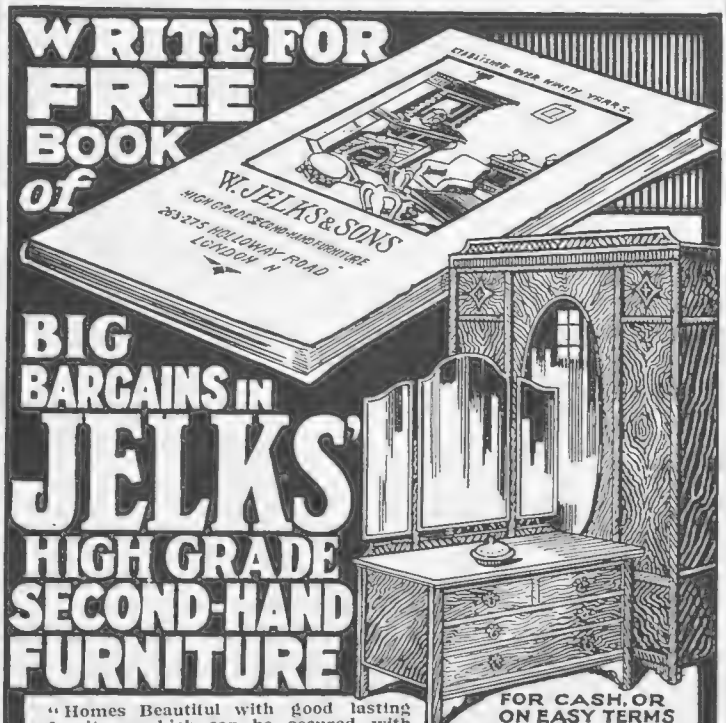

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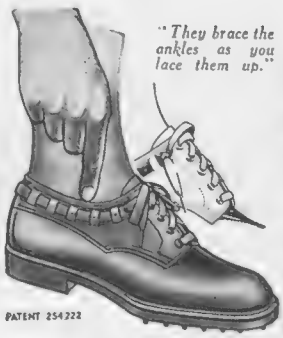

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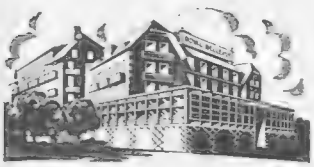

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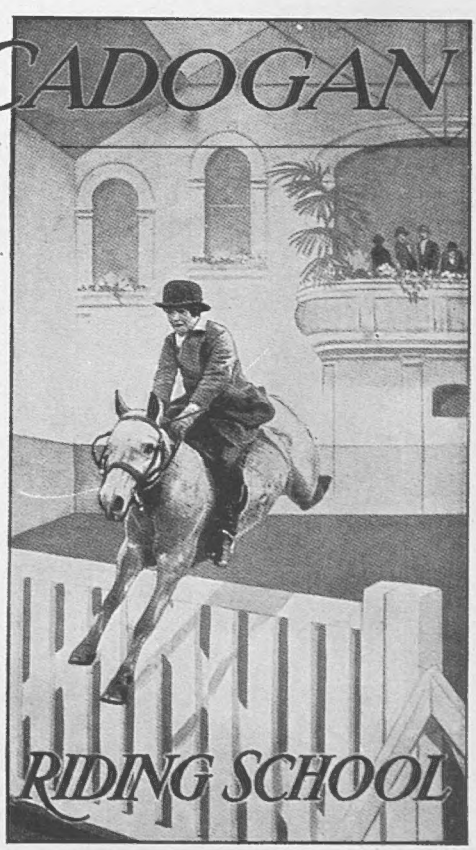

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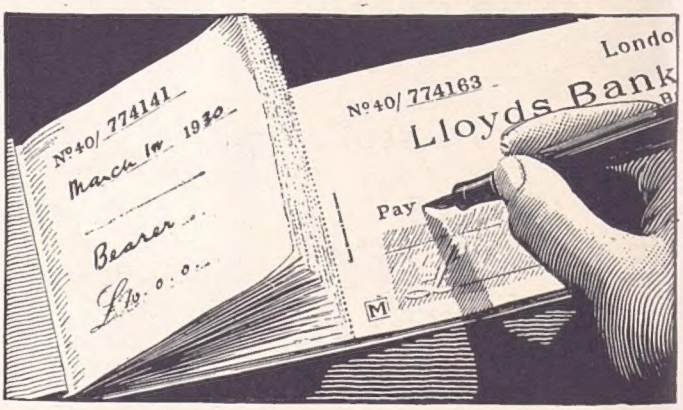

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33 As .....
34 As .....
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WHEN you have identified the well-known people whose disguised portraits appear on page 268 write your solutions in ink on the form provided in the next column.

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